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1925

THE COMMONWEAL

Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Wednesday, March 4, 1925

MODERN MARRIAGE

IV. WHAT IS THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE?

Hilaire Belloc

HOLY YEAR ROAD IN ROME

R. M. Russell

THE NAME

Padraic Colum

RATIFY THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT!

Owen R. Lovejoy

Twenty Cents a Copy — Ten Dollars a Year

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THE COMMONWEAL

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RELIGION AND SCIENCE

A QUESTION which often disturbs thoughtful minds is to what extent religious belief is allowed by science. Anxiety on the point is very marked in modern literature. It is not too much to say that it is the dominant note of the poetic output of the Victorian age. Poignant expression was given to it in Tennyson's In Memoriam. In his case religious hope remained even though its warrant seemed doubtful, but in general, the tendency was towards a surrender to agnosticism. Matthew Arnold's Dover Beach, more truly anticipated the usual outcome of scientific thought than anything that Tennyson wrote. Arnold struck a note which has resounded ever since when he wrote—

> . . ."the world, which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain,
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night."

There has been so much whimpering over this dreary prospect that the muse of modern poetry appears to be a sad creature who always has her handkerchief to her eyes. A natural reaction to the mournful spectacle is the thought—"If thinking on such things is so distressing, why think of them at all?" That is the message borne by much of the poetic output of our own times. It says—"Have done with sensitiveness; cultivate a hyperborean attitude to life."

But whether one faces things or turns one's back on them; whether one thinks or whether one is firmly bent upon just amusing one's self, the obstinate whence and whither will not cease from troubling. Agnosticism is really an impossible attitude of thought. One may label as unknowable the power which the universe manifests but that will not stop the intrusion of ideas on the subject. Inadequacy of information has never paralyzed the mind. It will act upon whatever knowledge is available and in one way or another will reach practical conclusions. That is its office which it never foregoes, a fact which the literature of agnosticism itself abundantly attests. One finds expressed in it a positive decision upon the alternative whether to construe man's relation to the universe in terms of mechanism or in terms of personality. The agnostic rejects the notion of personality and adopts the mechanistic concept. Spencer's philosophy of the unknowable is essentially a protracted argument to the effect that the mechanistic concept covers all phenomena. That is his system of knowledge, and that is what is usually meant by the scientific point of view.

It is futile to deny that here at least there is a real conflict between religion and science. The point is

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sometimes evaded by the argument that since each seeks truth they have a common goal, and the appearance of conflict cannot be more than superficial, so that it is a reasonable inference that it may be removed by the increase of knowledge and thus eventually religion and science will be fully reconciled. But there are considerations which indicate that this is impossible, and that nothing more is feasible than to allot to each its proper field through the mediation of philosophy. There is an insurmountable difficulty in the fact that in religion and science we have two distinct orders of thought, quite disparate and incapable of unified statement. The point is brought out by Professor Tyndall:

"The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded as to see and feel the very molecules of the brain—were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electrical discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding state of thought and feeling—we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem—'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would remain intellectually impassable."

This was written at a time when it was proclaimed to be the supreme function of philosophy to supply a unified concept of knowledge, which it sought to do by accounting for life and consciousness in terms of physics and chemistry, but every attempt that has been made to bridge the chasm is confessedly a total failure. Thought may move on the one plane or the other, but never on both at the same time. And on each it finds an order of experience which remains inflexibly aloof, the one from the other. In the region of physics everything seems to be determinate and inevitable; in the region of personality there is freedom, choice and spontaneity. Here is an antinomy that is quite irreconcilable by the mere understanding.

Where then in this situation is room left for religious faith? The Catholic answer is that there is an order of things which the proofs and verifications of the physicists cannot touch, whose data are gathered not in the scientific laboratory but from revelation, history and personal experience. The comment of science used to be that such notions are quite illusory, and that in reality all events and occurrences, including the processes of thought and invention, are determined wholly by physical antecedents and are fixed and inevitable in their nature. It is however quite noticeable that scientific opinion of this order has never been allowed to rule conduct in the practical affairs of life. No man was ever tempted to handle a hornets' nest by reflecting that scientifically it is merely a particular concourse of atoms. And, if a scientist's nose is tweaked he cannot be appeased by the suggestion that the notion of personal insult is illusory—a mere by-product of chemical reactions in his system. When philosophy has done its worst, people will still pick and choose, love and hate, plan and strive, and all this quite as much by those who describe man as an epiphenomenon as by those who believe in free agency.

It is a remarkable circumstance that now when the utilitarian value of science is immensely greater than ever before, confidence in the philosophical value of its concepts is rapidly diminishing. The fact is now recognized—and by none more distinctly than by the physicists themselves—that the progress of science gathers much about the how, but little about the why. The gains of science have been made by assiduous study of behavior; why things behave as they do remains an inscrutable mystery. Chemical formulas are useful for classification purposes, but they do not afford any gleam of light why such minute chemical differences as exist between sugar and alcohol, or between quinine and strychnine, should be attended by such vast differences in their effect on the human system. When the atom was found to be a complex thing, the whole system of materialistic philosophy was shattered. In the light of modern science, Spencer's law of evolution, accounting for phenomena as a movement from the simple to the complex, seems now to be a grotesque absurdity. And the old terminology of physics now appears to be almost ridiculous, for talking of the complexity of the atom is like talking of the divisibility of the indivisible. New terms are now being invented to express the new concepts of science, and they are certainly much needed. A thought that is growing—especially in the speculations of the physicists—is that the data of science are simply a personal reaction—an affair of relativity. That is the determinism which nature presents is merely a reflection of the strict physical conditions to which human observation is subject.

So then, to the question whether science allows the existence of a sphere for religion it may be answered that it is not a matter over which science has any jurisdiction. It lies quite out of its reach, as both Huxley and Mill candidly admitted. In recent treatises on psychology it is acknowledged that there is room for the supernatural as a factor in human affairs, although such is the force of old antipathies that the term "super-normal" is usually preferred. Physic phenomena which contravene the laws of physics as laid down in the text-books, are now receiving much scientific attention. The changes that are going on in scientific thought have not yet had much effect upon imaginative literature, but in time they will; and the results cannot but favor Catholic modes of thought, even though not directly Catholic institutions.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

ANYONE who reports a break, no matter how shy and transient, in the clouds of ill-will and international suspicion that have been hanging over Europe since the war, does a public service, and a recent Times despatch from Berlin is worthy of more general notice than it has received in the press. At the funeral a week ago of 200 German miners who lost their lives in the terrible Dortmund explosion, a detachment of French colliery workers marched behind the coffins of their dead comrades. They came from Courrières, in the Nord, where a similar disaster befell in 1906, and were present as a token of gratitude for the help rushed to them by the Dortmund miners at the time of their own trial. Seen merely as a demonstration of social solidarity, the incident would have its own significance. But seen as the simple repayal of a debt contracted nearly a decade before the war, and which the four years' carnival of "useless slaughter" (to use the words of the Sovereign Pontiff) has left intact, it gains immeasurably, not only in human interest but in hopefulness too. It inspires the confidence that Armageddon, while it shifted many frontiers and emptied many thrones, at least spared that territory of the uncorrupted human heart where the forces on which the world will have to rely for its upbuilding are at present timid and all too silent fugitives.

THE probability of a new national party being formed before the next presidential election is not great in spite of the talk which exudes in newspaper items from day to day. The talk is perhaps a natural reaction to the exclusion by the Republicans in Congress of the maverick element from the party caucus. In his book, The Political Parties of Today, published last October, so trained an observer as Professor Arthur N. Holcombe, of the chair of Government at Harvard University, leaned to the opinion that if Senator La Follette won a victory in the recent election a new major party would be launched. But the Senator did not win. In fact, he did not at any time draw very closely together the sundry elements of opposition to the old parties. Although he received a big vote, it was a scattering one, and while his own old party displayed an extraordinary magnetism and cohesiveness, the stronghold of the democracy, the "solid South," showed no signs of being dinted. The fact is the disaffected elements in the old parties are too incongruous to get together. Until some overmastering issue like the anti-slavery drive of Lincoln's day arises and causes a great mass of voters to pool minor theories and interests for its sake, the old parties will have more attractions in tradition and prospects of benefit, regional and national, to offer to the voters than can any agitation growing out of mere discontent and restless craving for experimental change.

THE fight for clean plays, at present writing, seems to rest in statu quo ante, with managers openly or covertly defiant, and the next move up to the housecleaners. Interviews with the former class, published in the public prints, are almost incredible in the cynicism they disclose, unless such cynicism be considered one evidence the more of the state of mind to which materialism and the dollar standard can reduce a generation. "If other people are allowed by the authorities to present filthy plays in New York City," Mr. William A. Brady is reported as saying, "I, as a taxpayer, claim the same privilege." A conception of citizenship which will probably maintain the low depth record for many years to come! One is reminded of the old story of the Cornish parson in the coastwise parish, who, when a ship had been cast upon the rocks below his church, held his congregation in their seats by a few ringing phrases on the moral indefensibility of wrecking and plunder until the door was reached, and then, casting off cassock and bands, cried—"Come on, boys! A fair start for everyone." Meantime the workers for a decent stage may well pray to be delivered from such friends and fellow workers as the clown in uniform who stood in the wings of a Philadelphia theatre with a blanket ready to wrap it round Miss Katherine Ray whenever extra covering should be judged necessary.

THE incident of District-Attorney Banton's struggle with the play writers and play producers leaves very unpleasant impressions. The haste with which such managers as Messrs. Belasco and Brady consented to withdraw plays or to re-write them, under fire, in-

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dicates that these gentlemen must have had all along an interior consciousness that their stage wares were unfit to be offered to the public. These managers and authors are men of brains and experience. They know just as well as Mr. Banton or any one else what is right and what is wrong. If they produced their plays in the confidence that they were within the law and the limits of propriety, it would be almost a duty to stand by their judgment when attacked and, at least, secure the decision of some authoritative tribunal as between themselves and their critics. The fact that they run to cover at the first sign of attack is assuredly a move in the nature of confession and avoidance. At any rate, it vindicates Mr. Banton's course and at the same time shows that there is no need for any stage censor other than a wide-awake public prosecutor. Mr. MacGowan's course in withstanding the District-Attorney in the case of the Eugene O'Neill play was a courageous contrast to the conduct of the other managers.

THE resort to "play juries" to pass upon the quality of new works seems to have every possible fault that inheres in censorship. The juries as planned are to be anonymous and irresponsible. There is no guarantee as to the qualifications of the members and, naturally, it is impossible to frame any rules to govern their verdicts. We are told that they are not to hear any statements or explanations from the authors or producers, and that they are to take no opinions of students of art or morals. A program of this sort opens a prospect of chaos. Narrowness and stupidity are just as likely to govern decisions as the truth of art and rational moral standards. Except as regards plays of "Goody-Two-Shoes" stature, managers will have no safe guide before they incur the great expense and toil of staging new ventures. The plan is unfair to them and may rob the public more than it protects them. There is one sure way to have clean enough plays. Put the responsibility on the theatres! When anything transgressing a reasonable latitude is presented, place the facts before the Grand Jury and let the courts deal with the issue in the regular way. The onus of being good should be on the possible offender in matters of public decency just as it is in respect to property and personal safety.

WHEN a fellow pilgrim, a woman at that, has spent over one hundred years in this vale of tears, and has been unable to readjust her ideas and to conceive as criminal something that was held perfectly reputable and inoffensive for ninety-eight of them, it would seem a clear case for an indulgent interpretation of the Volstead Act. Such is not the opinion of a San Pedro, California, judge, who, if press despatches are to be relied on, has just sent Mrs. S. Nuncey, "a little woman of 102 years," to jail for thirty days, not for being drunk or even drinking, but for the offense of "being in illegal possession of liquor." On the face of it, the sentence strikes one as savage—an inhuman interpretation of a law which if administered without respect of class or station, as it never has been, would fill existing jails to their doors, and call for a supplementary list of new addresses in the Social Register. When the Volstead Act is considered in perspective, what will strike the social historian is not so much its arbitrary character as its cold-blooded conception of a subject class in the state and its assumption that tutelary rights exist over the poor and ill-defended. It is perhaps the longest single step that has ever been taken away from personal liberty and toward that "slave state" of which Messrs. Chesterton and Belloc, a decade ago, were the first to detect the sinister outline.

THROUGH a New York publishing house, $1,000 was distributed recently in prizes for the best review of a book by King C. Gillette (of safety razor fame) entitled—The People's Corporation. Quite aside from the attention attracted by such a contest, which might have been merely a "publicity stunt" (one suspects publishers particularly dona ferentes) there is interest in the book itself. In it, Mr. Gillette offers the striking spectacle of a man who—one may safely assume—having made fullest use of every opportunity afforded by the system under which he made his fortune, now analyzes that system with practical keenness based upon experience and condemns many of its most cherished practices. His analysis is clear and accurate. His arraignment of specific evils unquestionable.

THE solution Mr. Gillette offers (the incorporation of all business, nothing less, in one great organization owned and operated by "the people") is utterly impractical. But one feels that this is relatively unimportant. What is important is the evidence he offers that the "Haves" are also thinking honestly (even if no more clearly in some cases than many of their opponents) and that a man whom one might expect to be wholly and somewhat smugly a part of the system so severely challenged by the "Have Nots" is able to see the faults and evils of that system without hypocrisy, and to bend his experience, his wealth and his active brain to finding a general remedy. The motive which impels such men to seek remedies for the evils which have not hampered them in the acquisition of great wealth does not matter for the moment. It is of no more immediate importance than the logic of their solutions. One is not now concerned with the possibility of a spiritual motive nor with the equal possibility of the wisdom of the serpent. It is first of all a fact to be noted that a fairer distribution of wealth occupies also the minds of an increasing number of the most widely advertised wealthy.

SINCE the return to power of a Tory administration put an end to the brief labor interregnum in England,

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the House of Commons once more justifies its boast of being "the best club in the world," and it is easy to understand the alacrity with which the moderate wing of the workers' party has disowned Mr. David Kirkwood's ill-mannered strictures upon the Prince of Wales's world tours and the call for public moneys to spend upon them. Kirkwood, of course, is a comparatively unlettered person, laboring under an inherited sense of injustice. It was not to be expected that what he had to say would be couched in the suave satire of a Lytton Strachey or with the cultured incisiveness of a Bertrand Russell. At the same time it is impossible not to see a certain justification for his contention that the present is an inopportune time for featuring the joy of great possessions in the person of the heir to the throne. The fashion in polite circles where Mr. Kirkwood is too busy or has not the heart to mix, is to regard this florid and engaging lad, still immature at an age when many men have been doing men's work for years, as an unofficial ambassador of good will for Britain. The argument has all the air of being manufactured to suit the case. It would be quite as easy to assert and quite as hard to disprove that wherever the Prince's tour takes him, he finds himself a focus for toadyism and tuft-hunting—a peripatetic symbol of that frenetic craze for amusement which so many thinkers are deploring. One recalls the bitter words of Louis Veuillot, uttered in the evening of his days—"I have defended royalty all my life and the world will never see another true monarch."

WE recently commented on a statement made by Mr. Julian Huxley that there were Catholic, Baptist and other forms of biology as well as "just plain biology" and insisted that whether there were a Baptist biology or not—we thought probably not—there certainly was not a Catholic biology, but rather a teaching of plain biology in our seats of learning. Now we learn from a temperate statement made in Science by Professor Conklyn of Princeton, that it would seem that there may have been some foundation for the statement as to a Baptist biology. It appears that Professor Fox of Mercer University, Georgia—a Baptist institution—has been dismissed from his position in spite of the fact that president and students alike testified to the great work which he had done for and in it. It does not appear that he had done more in connection with the question of evolution than to explain it—as any man is bound to do who does not desire to see his students go out into the world as ignoramuses—at the same time stating that it was still an unproved though highly probable explanation, an attitude which one would hardly have supposed would have been regarded as aggressive or dangerous. He appears to have been a member of a Baptist church in good standing and a generous supporter of its various activities. But suspicion arose and a private questionnaire was addressed to him by the board of governors demanding his confession of faith on a number of matters which included among other things, his conception of God. His answers do not seem to have satisfied those who made the inquiry and therefore he was dismissed.

SOME weeks ago we drew attention to certain points of historical interest connected with Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia, and the publication of a lecture by Mr. L. M. Fortier, the learned curator of the Fort and Museum in that place, leads us to set down a few facts which he has brought out in relation to the Catholic Church in that ancient spot—for in relation to the history of white men in North America, a church which goes back 320 years may fairly be called ancient. Not that the edifice then used exists, but the mission founded at that time still flourishes. In 1604, Father Nicholas Aubry and another priest came with de Mont, the first French governor of Port Royal as it was then called, and Mass was said for the first time. In 1611 two Jesuits, Fathers Biard and Masse, arrived—and though their coming was not wholly welcomed they did a great work and it was by one of them that the chief of the Micmacs, Membertou, was baptized. He died in the arms of Father Biard after receiving all the sacraments of the Church.

IT was natural that the early mission should have had great difficulties, but it was much assisted by a pious and wealthy French lady, Madame de Guercheville. The raids and battles which swept over Fort Royal and endangered or destroyed the religious buildings were numerous. The early and first parish church of St. John the Baptist has completely disappeared, though the cemetery, while not attached to the present quite modern edifice, remains. It is a long-lived mission and at this time has a long-lived rector. Mgr. Grace, who has been many years in charge and has seen the growth of all the present buildings, church, presbytery and so on, said his first Mass on St. Michael's Day in 1872 in the little church of St. Louis in Annapolis—a building which preceded the present church of St. Thomas, now the Catholic parish church of the town.

THE problem of Lenten reading has much in common with the pharmacist's difficulty of coating quinine with sugar and dousing cod-liver oil with wine. Old Adam, having grown accustomed to newspapers and favorite authors, only too naturally dips with sad reluctance into unctuous books, good for the soul. And yet it is quite true that the spiritual classics are not only among the "best" books, but also among the most beautiful in literature. This platitude can and should be proved. We need a widespread, energetic series of introductions to these classics. We could

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utilize courses in them. We need lecturers who can send a crowd away feeling certain that Thomas à Kempis, St. Francis de Sales, St. Augustine and many other holy writers are as worthy of attention as breakfast. Somehow we have come to be satisfied that Shakespeare and his brother poets stand in need of professors and commentators, but that the City of God and the Dark Night of the Soul will open their pages blithely to every one whose heart is in the right place. This is more than a pedagogical error. It is a social blunder—which shuts off acquaintance with one of the most attractive groups of literary masterpieces, and suffers instead the annual downpour of thin and chilly little tomes unworthy of comparison with even the lower stratum of popular fiction.

THOSE who number séance frequenters amongst their acquaintances can hardly fail to be aware that the favorite choice at such functions, when it is asked who shall be invited to appear, is invariably Cardinal Newman. If the accounts of such persons are to be credited, that prelate must spend a lot of time passing from one back drawing-room to another at the call of casual "mediums." One of these spiritistic addicts once said that at the séance at which she was present, the Cardinal was called for. "Did he come?" "Well, we did not see him but a luminous cross floated about the room which was quite dark, and a deep loud voice said 'God bless you all!'" It was suggested by the recipient of this confidence that having heard the late Cardinal in the flesh not only talk but preach, the account of the voice did not at all tally with that of the silver accents so often and accurately described in histories of the Oxford Movement. The criticism was most unfavorably received.

NOW, however, we have something which doubtless the spiritists will regard as crushing evidence as to the Cardinal's visits. The occurrence is narrated in Father Blackmore's very excellent work on spiritism, recently published. The unhappy Cardinal was summoned, and ever obliging, attended. "In the pale bluish light which focussed upon the cabinet and left the rest of the room in darkness, appeared a dim human form swathed in white, as is customary with all such spiritistic apparitions. In the midst of the hushed silence, the supposed materialized form of Cardinal Newman took one step forward, and raising two fingers of the right hand, after the manner of imparting a priestly blessing, uttered in impressively deep tones the word—Benedictine." What more can anyone want? Except, possibly, to know whether a spectral waiter came with tray and flask. Yet there are still hardened sceptics who refuse to believe in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fairies and photos.

THE CALVERT ASSOCIATES

MAJOR GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD, who recently retired from the United States army, was elected a member of the board of directors of the Calvert Associates, at the last meeting of the board, together with Mr. John S. Leahy, of St. Louis, the President of the Catholic Club of that city, and one of the best known public men of the Southwest.

In electing General Bullard, a convert to Catholicism, and Mr. Leahy, to the directorate of the Calvert Associates, the board pursued a policy laid down at the beginning of the association's activities—namely, to make the Calvert Associates a thoroughly national body, with the important centres of the country represented on the board. Steps are being taken to include other cities, north and south, east and west, in the membership of the directorate. Where societies having similar aims and purposes to those of the Calvert Associates already exist, coöperation is being effected. Elsewhere, local Calvert Clubs have been formed, notably in Chicago, and Worcester, Massachusetts. In addition to the promotion of The Commonweal, the Calvert Associates, through their local groups are pursuing many social and cultural activities in harmony with their purposes, such as lecture courses, study circles, art exhibits, historical research, little theatre movements, and the like. A special announcement of this program is published elsewhere in this number, and those interested in such a movement are invited to correspond with the Secretary of the Calvert Associates.

STONES AS SYMBOLS

THE Dean of Canterbury has offered a stone "taken from one of the most ancient parts" of the Canterbury Cathedral to be built into the New York Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Bishop Manning says he will lay the offer before the board of trustees, remarking that he is sure "it will be accepted with the greatest appreciation as a symbol of our fellowship with the See of Canterbury and with the Church of England." In making his offer, the Dean of Canterbury incidentally makes several statements that have a symbolic interest such as attaches to the stone he desires to give to the builders of St. John the Divine. He says—

"Canterbury Cathedral is, I think, in a unique way the mother church of English-speaking Christianity. All who speak the English tongue, wherever they may be, have their share in the church of which it is our privilege to be the trustees, and all have the right to look back with gratitude to that place and church where the seeds of the Christian religion were first planted by St. Augustine, and from which the Christian religion has spread far and wide.

"The dean and chapter of Canterbury have in their possession certain stones of various sizes, plain and

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carved, portions of some pillars, bases of others and similar fragments of the cathedral buildings. We should be very happy to send you such a stone from our cathedral to be built into yours as a gift from us and a symbol of our fellowship with you, if you would care to receive it. As to the size and character of the stone and the date of sending it (if desired) we would, of course, wish to meet your convenience in every way."

Augustine, it may be recalled, was sent to England by Pope Gregory the Great, in 597, and set up his episcopal see in Canterbury as the first English Archbishop, his cathedral being founded on a much earlier church used by the Christian Romans, which church, of course, like Augustine's own, was, in the symbolic sense, founded on the Rock of St. Peter, the same rock that underlies all Catholic Christianity, whether it be English-speaking, or German-speaking, or French, or Italian, or Chinese, or any other of the tongues or dialects of mankind. Augustine's successors maintained the teaching of the same religion for nearly a thousand years down to Archbishop Cranmer, the apostate, who gave in to Henry VIII, divorced the King from Queen Katherine, helped him to despoil the monasteries and churches, and later, under Edward, abolished the Mass. Cardinal Pole, who succeeded Cranmer, could do little to repair the damage in the two years of his episcopate, and with Pole the long line of Catholic Archbishops of Canterbury closed. So this stone from "the most ancient part" of Canterbury Cathedral recalls not the confusion and disunity that followed Henry and Cranmer, but the world-wide unity and fellowship in principles that preceded the Reformation. It is a chip from the great Rock, from the stone that the builders of the state church of England rejected. Its coming to America now is a curious event.

The dean and chapter of Canterbury have in their possession "certain stones of various sizes, plain and carved, portions of some pillars, bases of others, and similar fragments . . ." One of these fragments it is which is now offered as a symbol of fellowship. If we consider the great variety of doctrines, of opinions, of practices, many of them essentially contradictory to others, which are to be found today both in the Church of England, and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, the stone from Canterbury may, in this sense, be fully symbolic of fellowship. Bishop Manning says he will lay the offer before his board of trustees. No doubt, the present trustees would recognize with Bishop Manning the symbolic quality of their fellowship with "the See of Canterbury and with the Church of England." But if the board of trustees shall include representatives of other denominations, as is suggested by Mr. John D. Rockerfeller, Jr., and members of other communions, will such a board also recognize the appropriateness of this symbol?

COLOMBIA

THE old Republic of New Granada in the magic regions of the Zipas and the mountains scaled by Ximénes de Quesada, is a land whose majestic river, the Magdalena, carries down to the sea a vast wealth of material products and the filter of gold from an heroic past. With Mexico and Peru, it forms the old Spanish trinity of provinces, where the traditions and character of Iberian civilization first flowered into riches, power and cultivation. The story of its capital, Bogotá, is a luxuriously illuminated Book of Hours, displaying the superhuman vigors of its conquistadors; the heroic spirit of its missionaries and saints; the profound scholarship of its greater intellects; and the physical beauty of its sons and daughters.

Resting on the vestibule of the tropics, its mountains raise the lofty thrones of its cities above the heats of the river beaches and blazing coast line.

From the days of José Eusebio Caro (1817,1853), of Diego Fallon (1834-1905) and Rafael Pombo (1833-1912), the traditions of Colombian poetry have been brilliant across the horizons of Spanish letters; and the younger generation of their successors, Antonio Gomez Restrepo (1869——), Diego Uribe (1867-1921), Jorge Isaacs (1837-1895), has been crowned by a climax in the poems of José Asuncion Silva (1860-1896), the greatest poet in Spanish, perhaps, who has made an appearance in the new world.

The statesmen of this elder daughter of Spain, the presidents and administrators of Colombia have been largely drawn from the literary classes: the political problems of the country have been, as a consequence, approached from a broad and universal point of view, that has precluded any parochialism or narrow sectarianism in the governmental action. A typical cultivated Colombian is therefore a man-of-the-world in a higher sense than can be said of most American republicans. It has been a great sorrow for our abler North American statesmen that the question of the Panama Canal should so long have clouded our relations with this noble republic, but with the recent gesture of reconciliation, with the renewal of our pledges of amical sympathies, we may look to a harmonious alliance with Colombia of especial warmth and brotherhood. The Colombian is not the Mexican nor the Cuban, who have established in so many North American minds the type regarded as Spanish American: the Colombian, again, is not the Peruvian nor the Chilean who represent the character of the new worlds south of his regions. The Colombian is neither the dreamy child of the Antilles or the tropics, nor the perfervid Chilean or Argentinian, but an idealist of Spanish mind, idealist and aristocrat in his republicanism as in his arts and general culture.

The selection of some translations of Colombian poems, published elsewhere in this issue, has been a rather captious task.

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MODERN MARRIAGE—ITS PROBLEMS

IV. WHAT IS THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE?

By HILAIRE BELLOC

(The following article is one of several in this series which are being published in Great Britain, The Commonweal having secured American serial rights from the agency controlling the publication rights. Inadvertently, quotations from Mr. Belloc's article were sent to this country and have been published in several Catholic newspapers. We feel, however, that in justice to Mr. Belloc and to the readers of The Commonweal, who have been promised his article, that we should publish it in full.—The Editors.)

THE traditional European attitude towards marriage, the conception of that institution which has been held, generally, since the beginning of our records as a race, and has been thought of such importance that full tribal or civic rites finally confirmed it; the attitude more strictly defined since the organization of the Christian Church—is now challenged throughout the modern world; as are, indeed, nearly all other institutions during the odd and probably brief chaotic period through which we are passing.

To defend it dogmatically on the authority of revealed religion is of no service save to those who accept the premises implied. But what may be of service is to make clear the *rational* basis both of the original vague rules and (still more) of the precise definitions which were arrived at as our civilization, in its maturity, accepted the Christian scheme.

Marriage is regarded throughout the whole of our European tradition as a permanent arrangement; not as a contract, terminable by mutual statement like a lease; nor as an arrangement purely individual; but always as a permanent and organic social bond, the contractual in which was but one factor in the whole.

This underlying conception of permanence was, and is, subject to modification; such modifications varied with the varying codes of our divided pagan ancestry, but generally included the faculty of divorce for adultery, and, according to each separate custom, for other particular causes. But these modifications were always restricted, both in practice and in stated law, and, what is more, even where the legal permission for divorce existed, it was a boast (as, for instance, among the Romans) that good morals were proved by the rarity or absence of divorce. In other words, the permanence of the marriage bond was the rule and its dissolution was the exception, and an exception always tainted with the idea of something shameful. Men quote the freedom with which the very wealthiest women of pagan Rome, at the height of their power, in practice dissolved this bond; but such quotation gives a wholly unhistorical impression, unless it be accompanied by a parallel quotation of the blame which attached to the practice, for it is clear that antiquity, though subject to the evil, plainly thought it an evil.

With the advent of greater definition (under the fuller and stricter reasoning of the Christian development) only two modifications were admitted. First, the marriage bond was dissolved by the death of either party (but even this was regarded as a thing tolerated and permitted rather than encouraged). Secondly, the marriage bond was held not to exist—not to have been established at all—if a comparatively large number of conditions had not been complied with: full and free consent of either party; a state of mind implying a clear and complete knowledge in each of what both were doing; evidence of a public declaration; consummation; and the absence of blood relationship. Also even spiritual relationship within certain degrees, unless a dispensation had been obtained (conditions which lent themselves to grave abuse). Further, in the full Christian scheme, certain vows inhibited a true marriage. Thus the marriage of a priest who has made a vow of celibacy is not a valid marriage under the laws of his order. But the defense of ecclesiastical discipline in the affair is, as I have said, waste of time for those who do not admit the ecclesiastical authority. It would be a waste of time trying to make a Frenchman admire the procedure of a British Court of Justice or an Englishman admire the procedure of a French one; but what is well worth doing in the present moment is the defense of the general principle which has clearly underlain all the European conception of this matter from the earliest times: that is, *the principle of permanence.*

For, let it be well noted, that the challenge is today directed *not* as against the supposed over-severity of an absolute law—for such a law is admitted by none save Catholics, every one else admits of divorce for certain grave reasons—the challenge is directed today against the essential of the institution itself, that is, against its essential quality of permanence; and this challenge is apparent in ten thousand works of fiction, speeches, newspaper articles, and the rest, with which our world has been deluged for half a lifetime: and the thing is approaching its climax.

What, then, is the rational ground of this instinctive demand for *permanence* as the essential of marriage? Why has this blood of ours, which rules and leads the world, and may be well supposed to have therefore something sound about it, concluded in this fashion? What is the basis in reason of, what analyzed argu-

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ment can be put forward to support, that which the mass of our people, whatever the intellectuals may say, still instinctively demand, and which has governed our practice throughout the whole of our history?

A rational basis for the permanence of marriage would seem to repose upon three supports—

1. Human beings are in a normal condition when the bond between a man and a woman is permanent. The other conditions, save the most ephemeral, are abnormal. It is discovered in our experience that this relation breeds a customary union which oddly persists in spite of quarrels, fatigues, and even distaste. All our experience supports that truth. The famous phrase, "they are one flesh," is not odd and particular, not paradoxical even to the most unilluminated man, as are some other of the Gospel phrases; it is a concentrated truth of experience. That is the first point of support for the doctrine we have inherited. You cannot get rid of this sense of permanent union, once it has been established. You never do. At least, no normal man or woman ever does. Now the law is made for the normal. You cannot make law for the abnormal. The abnormal must submit to the common law. It is the condition of social being.

The second basis is this: the liberty of the individual is not only rightly but necessarily limited by his organic connection with society. The society of which he is a part made him; but for it he would not be himself. He may rightly be summoned upon in a grave matter even to sacrifice himself wholly for it, as in war. What the limits of individual action should be in particular cases of action are, and will always be, disputed—thus conscription is readily admitted in one mood and rejected in another: the confiscation of property, though harsh in one mood, is thought rational in another, produced by some particular stress (as, for instance, stores of food in a beleaguered city) but the general principle that the individual lives only by the community, and is an organic part of it, is so much common sense that to deny it verges upon madness, and any one practising a denial of it is, in fact, rightly regarded as mad. It is almost the only external definition of madness. But of all human actions, that one most directly concerning the existence and continuity of the state, is formal marriage. This does not mean that the association of a man or a woman, ephemeral or irregular, destroys the state—though undoubtedly even that is a question of degree—but it does mean that ephemeral or irregular connection can have no place in an institution whereby the state, with its full civic connotations, is preserved. That is why, in all ages and at all times, bastardy has involved a taint. It is hard on the bastard, but necessary to social continuity. Marriage is, to the civic essential unity, what title is to property, what consciousness is to individual action, what definition is to an intelligent proposition. Unless you have some institution regulating by what means and under what conditions full citizenship is acquired, the state remains uncertain; and the natural means of acquiring citizenship is to be born into it with credentials of birth. It is no answer to say that these credentials may be falsified, the point is that a definition must exist. Therefore, the father and mother of the citizen must by a civic act have established their claim to continue the state. Theoretically, you might have this admitted a hundred ways, many of them admitting quite ephemeral connections. But in practice we know such definitions to be fantastic. Men will always associate with women more or less permanently; families of a sort will always be formed; the more regular and certain the formation, the more exact the definitions of the state, and, therefore, its consciousness and sense of being.

The third basis upon which the permanence of marriage rationally reposes is the consideration of relations upwards, towards ancestry, apart from those lateral ones of the contracting parties to the marriage bond. Men desire to know what and who they are. They know it in general from the permanence of marriage. Men have the instinct, which is a strong part of that social sense erecting and cementing societies, for the veneration of their own blood, for that which in its exaggeration has been called the "worship of ancestors;" and men rejoice, and repose, in the knowledge that this and that other are of such blood relationship with themselves. Such repose and such full enjoyment of our human nature in relationship—brotherhood, cousinship, etc.—is impossible without the permanence of marriage. It is, as experience shows, even somewhat troubled by the toleration of second marriages. In the absence of the idea of permanence behind the idea of the marriage bond, it would be dissolved altogether. The child normally grows up under the protection, and is nourished by the permanent affection, of a father and a mother, which affection is one and not dual; all of which is another way of saying the family is normal to man.

These three arguments, from the known effect of intercourse, from the state, from the family, seem to me the three rational arguments which, quite apart from the Faith, any pagan or any ignorant man (of such there is no lack today) may put forward, not only in the defense of the permanence of the marriage bond, but in the defense of the thesis that if you shake that permanence you will dissolve society and get to something worse even than the conditions which we suffer today.

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PROGRESS IN NEGRO EDUCATION

By ELIZABETH HARTSHORNE

AT RIDGE, St. Mary's County, Maryland, a section with a considerable Catholic Negro population, the first building of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute was dedicated last October. This new school, according to its articles of incorporation under the laws of Maryland, is "for the purpose of providing within the State of Maryland, a boarding and day-school for the education of colored youth from all sections of the country, where they may be taught the usual branches of a sound English education and where they may also receive instruction and practical training in agricultural, industrial and mechanical pursuits and such other subjects of instruction as may be determined upon from time to time, by the Board of Directors." . . . The institution will also conduct an extension service for the benefit of the Negro population in the surrounding counties, in the interest of improved farming, housekeeping and other industrial activities and to meet religious, educational, social and economic needs."

The principal of the new school is Mr. Victor H. Daniel, a graduate of Tuskegee; Mr. John Ball, a graduate of Hampton, has charge of their Department of Agriculture. Dr. Thomas W. Turner, a former teacher at Tuskegee, now an instructor in botany and biology at Hampton, is a member of the Board of Trustees. The link between Hampton-Tuskegee and the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, then, is a close one, for the new school is to follow in certain lines the type of education made famous at Hampton. Just how this Hampton-Tuskegee method is different from other systems of education and what its aims are, will doubtless prove interesting to all who are looking to the Cardinal Gibbons Institute as the pioneer in Catholic education on this plan.

At Hampton, training of the mind is applied to training of the hand. Carpentry students, for example, spend half their time in trade practice. Starting with the making of stools, flower-boxes, drawers and such simple articles, they round out their training with the building of houses and farm structures—complete from cellar to roof, and then install light, heat, and plumbing fixtures. Students are taught how to make brick, how to mix mortar and how various kinds of brick work should be laid. Then, they are put to work doing what they have learned. Machinery is designed and built by the students, then kept in proper repair by them. Women students are taught meal planning and preparation, the care of the child, nutrition in health and disease. They learn how to make and repair furniture, how to design and to make clothes for the entire family, and general principles of housekeeping.

Nor is their academic life neglected. Every student must carry academic subjects. It is not enough for a man to be a farmer; he must be an intelligent farmer. It is not enough for a man to be a carpenter or teacher; he must be an intelligent carpenter or teacher. The pupils learn by actually doing the work, but they also learn the most practical and intelligent way of doing and to know the reason for so doing. Whatever his trade, whatever line of industry he follows, while at the school, he is impressed with the fact that he must know his trade thoroughly. He must be skilled. Then he must know the underlying theory and be able to express himself correctly and convincingly about his work. Every student takes English. The girls take courses in cooking, which include the chemistry of foods. The boys have their trades, but they have also the mathematics and history of these trades.

The aim of the agricultural courses is to develop farmers, teachers of agriculture and farm-demonstration agents. Practical training is given at modern dairies, stock-barns and poultry-breeding stations. Vegetable, fruit and crop-growing experiments are conducted on a wide scale. Students are instructed in the proper use and repair of farm equipment of all kinds, from a scythe or hay-rake to tractors and silos.

At no time, since the end of the Civil War, when four million slaves were cast adrift, has the economic importance of the Negro been more forcibly brought before us than during the present period of Negro migration. Hundreds of entire farms, as well as great plantations in the South have been depopulated, as this tremendous wave of Negro migration has swept the South. Throughout history, urged on by a spirit of restlessness, adventure or a desire to escape from oppression, man has sought release by seeking a new environment. And always back of that dominant instinct moving man to migration, lies a primary economic cause. The South, for more than a century, has adhered to the old "crop-tenanted" system of farming, and a one-crop system at that. There is no incentive for the "crop-tenant" to build up his soil, because next year he may be shifted to another plot. For the same reason, there is little incentive for him to make any permanent improvement in his home. Then, too, since the boll-weevil's coming, he has had little or no surplus income to apply to such things, for the whole family has generally had to work from sunrise to dark to eke out a bare existence. It is not surprising, therefore, that in most cases, such a family eat, sleep and live on a level little above that of savages. However, long before the arrival of the dreaded boll-weevil, about 1910, this "crop-credit" sys-

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tem of the South, basing its confidence upon the cotton yield, had kept the southern Negro farmer in a condition of peonage. He was always in debt, either to the landlord or to the merchant, whether the price of cotton was high or low. Even in the 'eighties, Negroes, discouraged and hopeless under such a system, forsook the South and migrated to the West.

During this whole period between 1910 and 1920, practically every southern state showed a loss of Negro population, while the great states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan showed corresponding increases. Close upon the boll-weevil's coming, followed the outbreak of the war in 1914, with its consequent fall of prices and opening of the northern labor markets, due to our foreigners being called to their colors. Low prices and wretched farming conditions ruined many of the wealthy plantation owners, who had invested heavily in costly fertilizers. The poor Negro tenant, helpless in the face of disastrous conditions in the South, took prompt advantage of all openings in the North, not the least of them being the attractive high wages offered there.

The second contributing factor of Negro migration might be called the politico-social cause. It is a well known fact that the southern Negro is not allowed to hold office and in many districts, the right of the ballot is denied him. It is difficult to realize the dissatisfaction of a group of people steadily rising in intelligence and consistently denied the rights and privileges of citizenship. The southern laws of disfranchisement and of segregation deny to the Negro the fullest enjoyment of citizenship and deter him in his pursuit of happiness. He must live in the most unfavorable sections of the cities, where sanitary and lighting facilities, fire protection and other city improvements are inadequate, if not entirely lacking. Traveling is made difficult, often impossible for him and educational advantages have long been disproportionate.

It is this condition of the Negro, economically and educationally, that Hampton and Tuskegee have faced, and one of the most telling indications of their success lies in the multiplication of schools modeled more or less on their lines all over the country. The United States Department of the Interior has published at least three volumes, largely filled with facts and figures on Hampton-Tuskegee results. The Department of Agriculture reports abound in statistics on this subject. But, actually, Hampton-Tuskegee results are in terms of human lives—of new hopes raised and realized, self-respect attained, character developed by individual men and women. The work, therefore, in any community, almost invariably, begins with the effort to get the Negroes on their own land and into their own homes. It is only when the farmer owns his land and has the freedom to build up the soil and rotate crops that he has the opportunity either to make or enjoy the fullest possible profits from his land. And unless the family owns its home, there is seldom the incentive for that home improvement which is the basis of better living. It is natural, therefore, in telling the story of Hampton-Tuskegee results, in any community, that the chief emphasis should be laid on such things as progress in farm and home ownership, improved value of land and buildings and higher crop returns. But it cannot be over-emphasized that these, important as they are, are chiefly means to an end—the foundation upon which to build, by teaching Negroes to work better, live better and think better, that fundamental self-respect and character which alone can win, for any race, the true or lasting respect of others. Through its extension work, Hampton and Tuskegee reach tens of thousands of Negroes in all parts of the South. In addition to the full academic courses, these schools offer short courses in agricultural and building work; conduct annual conferences for farmers, ministers and builders to hear lectures, see demonstrations in new methods and discuss their problems; send their graduates out to teach agriculture or trades in industrial and normal schools, or to act as demonstration agents for the United States Department of Agriculture. The doctrine of the immortal Booker T. Washington—"Cast down your buckets where you are," is being heeded now in the South largely because of the fresh energy, hope and courage instilled by the teachers and leaders sent out by Hampton.

In adopting some of the Hampton-Tuskegee methods, the Cardinal Gibbons Institute is not engaging in a new departure, but is reverting to a type of school long familiar to the annals of Catholic education. To this union of mental and manual training, closely interwoven with the daily life of the community, some of the most brilliant phases of Catholic missionary triumph owe their success. The fact that President Calles of Mexico has advocated the Hampton-Tuskegee method as a remedy for the backward conditions in that country is but a tribute to the wisdom of the ancient Spanish missionary educators, to whose methods, after a century of revolt, the rulers of that country find it wise to return.

The Daisy Hedge

The daisy hedge is white and fair;
And the moon lays her fingers there.

The wind a little sighing makes,
And every sharpened petal shakes.

The daisy hedge is round and high
Like clouds within a racing sky.

Its billows are the tossing foam
Of rushing sea-waves rolling home.

The daisy hedge is pale and white.
It seems, as I go past at night,

As though an angel host crouched down
With watchful eyes to keep our town.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

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RATIFY THE TWENTIETH AMENDMENT!

By OWEN R. LOVEJOY

WHEN the Mayor of Nome made his appeal for help in the diptheria plague, he did a thing that must have been surprising to most of us. He forgot to be worried about the grown men and women who were in danger, and called for help only "in the name of the children—the future American citizens." At once the dog-teams started mushing North on their errand of mercy and human decency.

We don't do things that way down here, where life is softer. On the same day that the epidemic broke in Nome, the legislatures in three states decided that the young children in the sweatshops and factories of the nation could be used up and thrown on the rubbish pile like old mop rags, for all they cared.

The difference in the action taken about the children in Alaska and the children working in the canneries and sweatshops of these states, is all due to the fact that diptheria wrecks a young life more quickly and more dramatically than premature sweatshop working, and one startling death seems to us more awful than a thousand used up lives. In fact, what we don't see, we don't let hurt us. The milk of human kindness seems to curdle when it is put out of sight.

Are we then a callous people? I asked the question of a lad who had seen heavy service during the war. He gave me an emphatic "no!" The first thing he saw when he came back from France was the whole city of Chicago jumpy because a half handful of men were killed in a minor race riot. All the panic seemed to him to be much ado about almost nothing. The city was not callous when it saw and heard and knew almost personally what life is like. And yet that was in behalf of that very city, and it is in many ways not unlike New York City, that Carl Sandburg appealed to us all when he said—

> . . . if boys steal coal in a railroad yard
> And run with humped gunny sacks,
> While a bull picks off one of the kids
> And the kid wriggles with one ear in cinders,
> And a mother comes to carry home
> A bundle, a limp bundle
> To have its face washed, for the last time
> Forgive us if it happens—and happens again—and happens again.

The daily grind of ten hours or more at bench and wheel, the nights of weariness and abandon, the accidents from power machinery that come more frequently to adolescents than to others, the poisoning of dyes and varnish fumes, these things are the always possible heritage of the 990,000 children employed, not on the farms, but in commerce and industry, only half of them being even nominally protected by the states. Those things are out of sight, behind factory walls, even more out of the sight of most of us than the children forced to steal coal in the freight yards. We forget them simply because most of us never knew them personally, because most of us have enough sorrow in our own lives, and because they do not thrust themselves upon our attention even to the same extent as a typhoid plague or a chicken cholera epidemic.

The way in which the Child Labor Amendment is being turned down by some of the state legislatures does not mean, then, that we are a callous and indifferent people. It simply means that we don't know what some forms of child labor do to children under fourteen, what bad effects long hours, night work, and heavy and dangerous work have even upon the older children. It is because of their firm faith in the essential generosity and common human kindness of the American people that the friends of the Child Labor Amendment are going to keep on fighting for it until the protection it offers the children is won. That protection means a greater chance for happiness for the individual children involved, but it means something more to all of us. Herbert Hoover phrased it aptly when he said, in 1923—

> Clearly, if economic waste is reprehensible, waste of child life, whether viewed economically or in terms of common and universal betterment, is a blight that in its measure is more deplorable than war.
>
> It may be worth recounting that our system of individualism can only stand if we can make effective the supreme ideal of America. This ideal is that there shall be an equality of opportunity for every citizen to reach that position in the community to which his intelligence, abilities, character, and ambition entitle him. I am a strong believer in this progressive individualism as the only road to economic, social, and spiritual safety and to human progress. Without this tempering ideal that America has evolved, individualism will not stand.

With that definition of the American ideal we all agree, and yet it has not brought us far along the road toward abolishing inequalities that necessarily result from child labor. We agree with our minds, and then let our imaginations run wild, till Washington looks like Moscow, individualism like communism, and Congress seems a haunted house of which we must speak ill and be afraid. We have not always been thus. But when the Constitution was being adopted in 1789, again, immediately after the Civil War and, now, after the great war, we show the same mental symptoms. There is profound significance in the similarity of the causes for these symptoms. In each case we had just finished a great moral crusade; we had obtained independence as a nation; we had kept

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the Union and freed the slaves; we had tried to make the world safe for democracy.

After each of these crusades many of us were disillusioned. Independence did not bring prosperity. The end of the Civil War brought only new problems. The end of the world war brought, among other things, confusion. Now, again we are tired—tired, especially, of helping people who seem unable to help themselves (even if these be children). We are suspicious—suspicious of new things, and gullible, it must be said, about the old things that have scared us before. We seem to prefer the familiar ghosts. For example, we clung to the "bloody shirt" campaign scare for fifty years after the Civil War. Now again the old scares are tearing us away from the common sense view of the child labor problem.

The same things that the colonists said in the last part of the eighteenth century, when the original Constitution was under discussion, are being said today. We are being told that regardless of the need of the children for protection, we must leave to the states all the rights given them 135 years ago, and that we must put those formal rights above the human rights of children to an equal chance in life. We are also being told that parental authority would be destroyed. The senate of Georgia claims that the Amendment "would give irrevocable support to a rebellion of childhood." This is another old friend. Immediately before the war we were being told that the only way to handle the younger generation was by strict military discipline in army camps. Now we are being told that state control over child labor is so effective and essential that transference of the same control to Congress would immediately result in a rebellion of childhood. In a tight corner any argument seems to be good.

The staunchest believers in individualism in the country, the farmers, have been taken on their weakest side. Annually, tens of thousands of farm children leave for the cities, and the problem of help is persistent. The farmers have been told that Congress would stop the labor of their own children on their own farms. No one has been able to find a single congressman who would vote for such a measure. Nevertheless (because of their great and natural fear of being deprived of such little help as they have) the farmers seem to have believed that there is not only one congressman, but a whole majority, eager, waiting to take their help away from them. Their fear is being capitalized. On top of that they were told that this Amendment was socialistic rather than the firm foundation for the continued American individualism that Herbert Hoover advocated.

This propaganda fell in the furrows already plowed by the fear of the farm labor shortage. The crop was rejection, for the moment, of the Amendment. Our moral tiredness, our suspicion of those things that are made to look new, and our credulity about old things are all working together toward one simple human effect—American children are being left unprotected.

To accomplish this, the opponents of this amendment (some of them cotton manufacturers disguising themselves as a Farmers' League) also addressed an especially misrepresenting appeal toward those of us who are interested in maintaining the present free educational system. They claimed that Congress would be given power to control education.

What reason is there to believe that such a thing is possible? The states have never sought to control education under the pretense of regulating or abolishing child labor. Not one of them has attempted to insert in its child labor regulations a provision requiring children to attend public schools or any other kind of school, as a condition of being permitted to work. All that they have done, and all that Congress could do, would be to require a certain minimum of education as a preliminary to employment. To assert that Congress could do anything more—for example, that it could specify the kind of schools in which a child would have to obtain the required amount of training, —is to talk without any understanding of our system of government. There is no decision of the Supreme Court which permits Congress to pervert a constitutional provision in the way in which the opponents of this amendment assume that it would be perverted by Congress.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh said in the Senate on January 8, 1925—

> The suggestion that the Amendment means national control of education, it is not unreasonable to surmise, originated with one who knows better, to excite the fears of some undiscriminating minds overwrought by the so-called Oregon law and the proposal to create a federal department of education. I venture the assertion that the Amendment affords no ground for even serious argument that it has such scope, or that any self-respecting lawyer will ever stand before a court to contend that it does.

To every group has been thrown its own particular bone of contention. We are now engaged in worrying those bones. In this fact there is hope. This avoidance by the opponents of the need of the children, this atoning for the sin of throwing a button in the collection plate by putting in a bad dime the next Sunday, of buttressing a scare of Socialism for example, only with a scare of control over education, is indication enough that we are being taken in. But we have never stayed that way very long. The original Constitution, in spite of vehement opposition, was finally adopted. After the reconstruction period, the country expanded again, and so, possibly within ten years after the great war has ended, we will be able to say to ourselves that we let something be done unto the least of these once too often. About that time the Amendment will be ratified.

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POEMS OF COLOMBIA

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

Serenata

The street is lonely, the night is chill,
The moon is out with her clouds surrounding;
The lofty lattice is barred and still,
And the trembling notes are sounding, sounding
To the firm, light touch of fingers strong,
While a voice pours tender words afar,
And the woes of the fragile strings prolong
From the guitar.

The street is lonely, the night is chill,
The heavy clouds o'er the moon are bounding;
The lattice high is unopened still
And the notes are fainter, fainter sounding.
Yet perchance the serenade has sought
Some maiden ear that loves and pines,
But fails as the bird-notes lightly caught
Where the swallows' nest in the springtime twines.

The street is lonely, the night is chill;
Clear in heaven is the full moon shining;
The lofty lattice has opened its sill,
And one by one are the notes declining.
The singer with fingers firm and light
Climbs up to the old time window bar,
And a sighing breathes from the bosom slight
Of the guitar.

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA.

The Evening Moon

Athwart the verdant vineyards there, the moon
  And albahaca and mimosa blend,
  Where soft and gentle country maidens wend,
Singing to the guitars' melodious croon.
Down at the river banks their deep jars spoon
  The stream to merry calls that never end;
  From the old laurels the cigalas send
Their ceaseless note in sharply carping tune.

O moonlit night! O hallowed touch of peace!
  The urchins in a ring dart to and fro
In Blindman's Buff, with tricks that never cease.
For me, alone, there comes no golden ray;
  Alone I listen, and my ears but know
The voice of children singing far away.

CORNELIO HISPANO.

Closing the Book

I close this book, and closing it evoke
  The hours of sadness and the hours of care
  When, as my brows some ancient parchment were,
Upon these pages my poor madness woke.
I know that neither art nor wreathed oak—
  For any gentle largesse it can bear—
  Can pay the price, O Beauty, of the fair
White lilies that thy storied urns bespoke.

Fever and sorrow, doubting and lament—
  All these did'st cost me, O thou sorry book,
Where I have lived, and lived on self intent!
Today thy pages dusty and defiled
  Recall me on myself to turn and look—
A man of grievings, and in works a child.

MIGUEL RASCH ISLA.

The Secret

His solemn Benediction at an end,
  The Cura's rites are done; the joyous sound
  Bids all the childish choir's hearts to bound
As when at school their singsong lessons blend.
And rumors vague a silver music lend
  As through the town the dwellers drift around;
  The glad old priest feels all his breast enwound
With breaths of balsam pure and reverend.

Of all this placid Eden-spot I hold
  The secret key, which the mad world ignores—
    Nor Plutarch nor wise Epictetus knew!—
Child, youth and woman, townsmen young and old,
  All, all in Villasuta know it too—
The saving Wisdom that mankind adores!—

JOSÉ JOAQUÍN CASAS.

The Goatherd

Tell me, sweetheart, tell me, pray,
Is there a wild creature that yields not
To its loving mate? Tell me, dear,
Will you not listen to my plea?—

Like a young kid dancing across
Torrents and valley places,
Darting up the leafless heights
Or showing through the flowery branches—

Your gentle head moves to and fro
With gracious easiness;
Light are your movements; in your eyes
Burn the dark flames of your fifteenth year.

Hear me, belovéd, who by day and night,
Restless and full of love,
Follow you, seeking your heart,
Touching my lute—

LUIS MARÍA MORA.

Thus Are My Dreams

A nightingale with silver flourish told
  Of thine approach, from the high lemon tree;
  And lo! before me rises dreamily
Thy form upon the lily paths of old!
How thy hands tremble as with light! How cold
  The starry glisten of thine eyes on me!
  How lightly stir thy breasts (in them I see
Twin doves that whisper love where branches fold).

The breeze comes sifting through the grove; it shakes
The sacramental lemon trees in flakes
  Of snow upon thy breast and silken hair;
Dawn rises, veiling thee in mist that seems
To take its whiteness from thee; thus my dreams
  Behold thee flower-like in thy bridal wear.

ROBERTO LIÉVANO.

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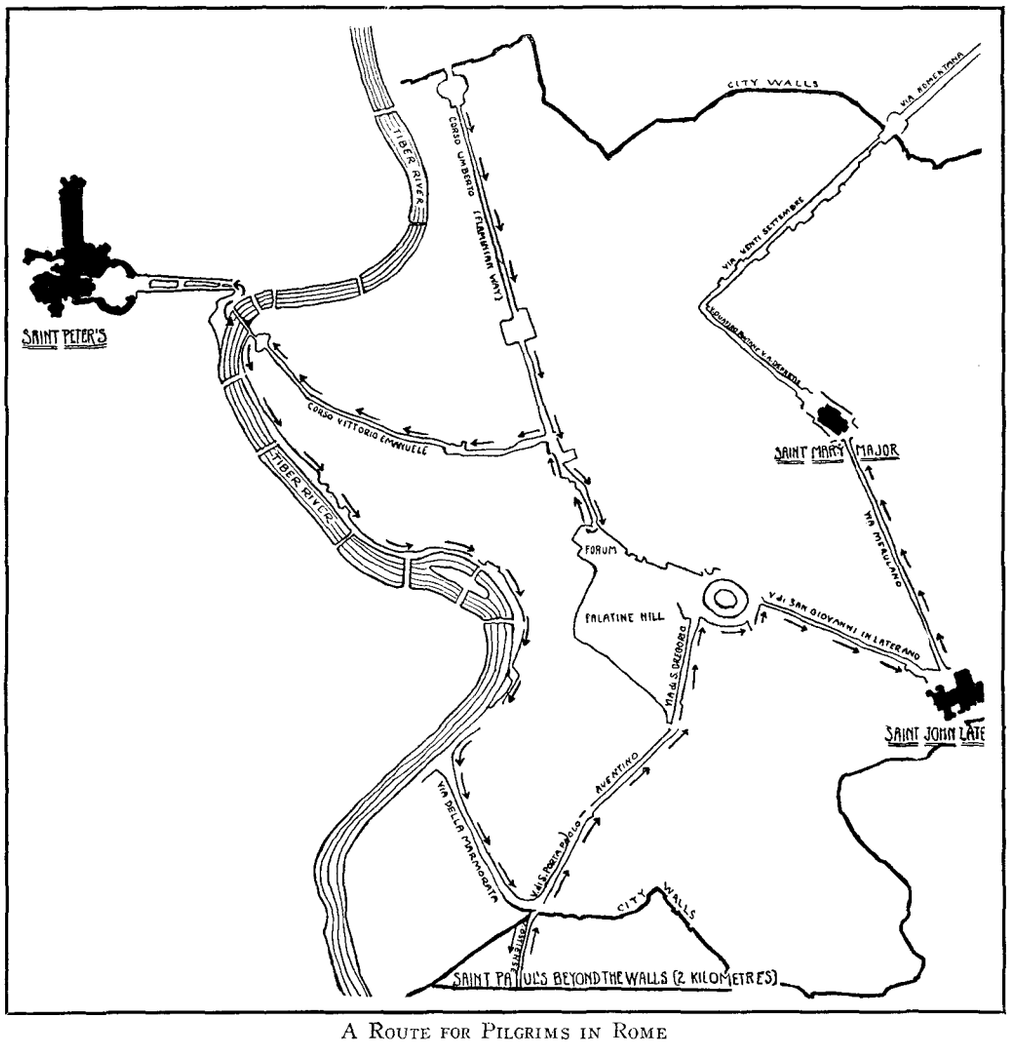
HOLY YEAR ROAD IN ROME

By R. M. RUSSELL



A Route for Pilgrims in Rome

(*The earliest requirements for Holy Year pilgrims in Rome included visits to the tombs of the apostles at St. Peter's and at St. Paul's outside the walls. Later, additional visits to the churches of St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major were stipulated. This Holy Year road is chosen according to the time of the events connected with the four points of pilgrimage. It begins near the Palatine so that the background of the lives of the early Christians who are commemorated may be fixed in mind.*)

YOU are coming down from the north of Italy to Rome. You are impelled by a strange, almost amused, curiosity. You have heard by chance of a fisherman, Peter, and a tent-maker and philosopher, Paul, who seek to overcome this city of power, this mistress of the world, by a gospel of—love.

Your path leads you down the Flaminian Way. After you pass under the arch built by the Emperor Claudius to commemorate his conquest of the eleven kings of Britain, you emerge into a wide, cloistered space where the bazaar of the world is held. There is the gold and silver work of Italian smiths; there are tapestries and soft fabrics from Syrian weavers; there are gilded bronze lamps from Corinth; there are exquisitely wrought glasses from Alexandria.

You see a litter stop before a gem and cameo shop. It is a gorgeous litter; the wood is inlaid with ivory and silver. Eight Cappadocians, in crimson livery, and with ears pierced in sign of slavery, lower the poles from their shoulders and gently place the covered sofa on the ground. "Here he is," murmur people passing on the street. A noble in a crimson bordered toga places his black shoes with their silver crescents on the ground, and rises from the litter. Oblivious to the gaping crowd, he enters the shop. It is Petronius, you are told, arbiter of taste at the court of Nero.

You continue down toward the Roman Forum. You pass a dark, forbidding structure—the Mamertine prison. People say that its lower chamber is twelve feet below the ground, and that prisoners are thrust down into it through the only opening, a hole in the ceiling. This dungeon is pitch-black, stench-filled, the right place, it is thought, for the enemies of Rome.

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The Forum is thronged. Schoolboys, munching their lunches of suet puddings, sit on the very steps of the rostra. Plebians in their dark, woolen garments, pass on their way to their work. The rabble shout at Heads or Tails, or loll against the columns of the basilicas. Big, black Africans with gigantic shoulders, blond men from the north, priests of Isis, holding palm branches in their hands, stalk past, and priests of Cybele, grasping the fruit of the maize. Then dancers from the east; snake charmers; amulet dealers.

In front of you rises the Palatine hill, and against shining, dark leaves of myrtle and laurel gleam the marble walls of the imperial palace. Nero is only twenty-seven years old, but looks, they say, much more. He is paunched, and his smooth-shaven, but blotched face sags with self-indulgence. Everyone fears this matricide—no one loves him, except, perhaps, the gentle Greek slave, Acte. For Acte, Nero deserted his shrinking child-wife, Octavia, and now for the yellow-haired Poppaea, he has left the faithful Acte. Wild, extravagant, Nero joins the youth of the court in their midnight "pearl hunts" in the slums of the Suburra, a district west of the Palatine, or gives priceless banquets where he sings his own songs. Even in this magnificent den on the hill, there has been, it is whispered, a conversion to Christianity. Acte has read the letters of Paul and wants to become a follower of Chrestos.

Inquiry in the Forum reveals little about these Christians. Many Romans do not know them even by name. Some have heard of Christianity but confuse it with Judaism. To make themselves known to each other, some one insists, the Christians use the sign of a fish, for the Greek word for fish represents the initials of Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior. It is rumored that they hold their meetings beyond the city walls, somewhere north and west of the Via Nomentana.

When you venture toward the Palatine again, the city lies burned from the Tiber to the Esquiline hill. The great fire raged for six days, and now chimneys are all that remain of the flimsy buildings of the slums in the valleys and on the lower slopes of the hills. Stone buildings still stand, however, and Nero has returned to the imperial palace. Through its thick walls come murmurs, not from the rabble to whom the emperor has thrown bread, but from the property-owners. "Who set this fire?" they demand. Some boldly answer, "Nero;" others, "The Christians." The cry grows, "The Christians to the lions."

Nero orders a great wooden circus to be built. It rises like magic. One day you walk northwest from the palace, cross the Tiber, and at the foot of the Vatican hill, you see the completed structure. Above the high, curved walls of the oblong enclosure is stretched a purple awning. Inside, tiers of seats sweep up from the arena, and beneath the tiers of seats are chambers with grated openings. Here the Christians are herded. Here they are sewed up in skins of wild beasts and then scourged out on to the sand. From behind the door of the cuniculum comes the roaring of lions. The door of the cuniculum creaks open.

Days—weeks, pass. Spectacles of Christian killing continue. Nero uses Christians as torches to light an evening chariot ride in his garden. Then news travels over the city. Roman officialdom has found that the two great leaders of the new sect are in Rome. They, too, must meet death. Peter shall be crucified; Paul, a Roman citizen, shall be spared this, but shall die. Now, at last, you will see this Peter. With a mixed group of slaves, freedmen, and patricians, all grave of face and probably Christians, you wait at the appointed spot between the circus and the foot of Vatican hill. Few non-Christians are there; perhaps they are surfeited with violence. From the direction of the river, someone runs to say that they are bringing the fisherman across the Pons Triumphalis. At first you cannot see him, soldiers and groups of his silent followers prevent you. At last—you behold him. Over his dark garment hangs his long white beard. His browned face is furrowed, some say with tears at a long past denial of Christ. He is aged, but a strength radiates from him—the strength of love perhaps. Impelled by a curious sense of union in that love, you kneel with the crowd. The soldiers dig the hole for the cross. Peter is fixed to the cross. The cross is jerked into the hole. . . . As Peter dies, the hill of the Vatican is golden in the sunset.

Through the groups that stand with bowed heads in the twilight comes the word that Paul has met his death. Where, no one is sure. Just how, no one seems to know. Perhaps the sword. But it is said that Lucina, who is held to be Pomponia Graecina, wife of Aulus Plautius the conqueror of Britain, has secured his martyred body and will place it in a sarcophagus on her property outside the southwest gate of the city. Paul dead too. Both leaders gone. The sense of fear is driven away, however, as some one repeats Paul's own words—

"I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course."

Less than two centuries and a half have passed. But there have been eight more fearful persecutions of the Christians. Now there is a pause. Diocletian has been tolerant. In his own household, there are Christians, and he has made Lactantius, the "Christian Cicero," an official teacher of rhetoric. "By reason of excessive liberty," sighs a zealous Catholic, "we are falling from our ancient fervor."

But Diocletian turns on the Christians in the tenth, the most terrible persecution of all.

"Tear down the Christians' churches to their foundations," he orders, "and destroy their sacred scriptures by fire."

Bishops and priests are seized and tortured—perhaps an eye is gouged out or the sinews of a leg cauter-

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ized. Then the laity are hunted down. Christians holding office are dismissed, Lactantius, having no one to pay him for his teaching, is near starvation. Other Christians are thrown into poisonous prisons or made to slave in mines. Timid Christians sprinkle incense before the gods and go free.

But Diocletian abdicates. The four caesars who are left to rule the empire begin to fight among themselves. One of them, Constantine, is approaching against Maxentius at Rome. Outside the city, Constantine has a vision in which he is instructed to conquer in the sign of the Cross. Pagans though they are, the soldiers of Constantine advance with the monogram of Christ on their shields. At the Milvian bridge above the yellow Tiber, Constantine is victorious.

Constantine is not a day-of-victory friend, he continues to remember Christ and the friends of Christ. To Pope Sylvester, he gives the Lateran palace which Nero had confiscated from the Lateran family for alleged conspiracy. The palace is to become the papal home. With a few changes, the basilica, or hall, at the side of the palace is made into a church. The wooden altar upon which St. Peter consecrated the Eucharist is brought from St. Pudentiana's. Near the apse of the basilica is built the baptistery, and to this place come professors of Christianity to receive the first sacrament. This church is the mother and head of all the churches in the city and the world.

Then Constantine issues the Edict of Milan, granting toleration to Christians. Timid Christians, who burned incense before the gods, come back to plead re-admission into the Church—Peter denied and was forgiven. Brave Christians, who accepted burial in mines or prisons, stagger from these dark places, almost too weak or worn to be glad. Lactantius chants—

"We should give thanks to the Lord, Who has gathered together the flock that was devastated by ravening wolves, Who has exterminated the wild beasts which drove it from the pasture. Where is now the swarming multitude of our enemies, where the hangmen of Diocletian and Maximian? God has swept them from the earth; let us therefore celebrate his triumph with joy; let us observe the victory of the Lord with songs of praise and honor him with prayer, day and night, so the peace which we have received may be preserved to us."

Constantius, son of Constantine, is sole ruler of the Empire. Now Constantius supports the ascetic, but heretical Arius. Arius denies that Christ is co-equal with the Father, and St. Athanasius is his most fervent opponent.

In his desire to make all Christians Arians, Constantius tries to make Pope Liberius support Arius and to condemn St. Athanasius, for, Constantius feels, if the Bishop of Rome does this, the others will follow their leader.

To Rome, then, Constantius sends the eunuch, Eusebius. He carries rich gifts from the Emperor to the Pope. Eusebius also conveys the imperial wish that Liberius will endorse Arianism. Those who listen to the words of Eusebius say they may be reduced to these seven, "Obey the emperor, and take these gifts." Liberius denies Arianism and spurns the presents.

Thereupon a minor persecution begins in Rome. It is safer for those who do not agree with the emperor to remain in hiding. One day Liberius himself is seized and carried to Milan. The emperor argues, but Liberius will not yield. Accordingly, the Emperor orders the banishment of the Pope. But before Liberius goes, Eusebius is again sent with golden gifts which Liberius again refuses.

"You have laid waste the churches of the world," Liberius breaks out, " and you bring me alms as to a condemned man. Go first and become a Christian."

With Liberius exiled, Constantius raises up an Arian anti-pope in Rome. When he visits the city to discover how far his anti-pope is succeeding, he is besieged by the pleas of patrician ladies—braver than their spouses—asking the return of the rightful Pope. And he can see, too, that the people refuse allegiance to the imperial office holder. At last Constantius orders a letter read in the circus. Liberius shall be restored, the letter runs, and shall reign side by side with the anti-pope. But the people shout, "One God! One Christ! One Bishop!"

And Liberius, triumphant, returns to his people. During his reign, he erects St. Mary Major on the Esquiline hill. In spite of imperial will, the Catholic Church continues to spread.

ITALIAN FREEMASONRY

By L. J. S. WOOD

THE Secret Societies Law, drafted by the Italian government, is one more example of the difference between the methods of Signor Mussolini and those of governments of the old régime. This is an exceptional moment, and Signor Mussolini's methods are sometimes exceptional. During his two years' administration, reforms as originally projected have had to be modified or amended, but the fact stands out more and more that whereas in the old days things were talked about and nothing happened, now things are accomplished.

"Secret Societies" in Italy means Freemasonry, which is to say continental Freemasonry, an association of definite political views and practice, the most definite of which is a fanatical hostility to the Catholic religion. Signor Mussolini is the only European statesman who has had the pluck to oppose Freemasonry openly; it is said that there is only one other similar case in the world—García Moreno's fight against the Craft. Mussolini fought it as a Socialist,

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and successfully in that he carried a motion against it through two congresses of that party. But that did not prevent Masonry permeating Socialism in Italy. Three times in recent years—in 1911, 1913 and 1917, official declaration has been made of its danger to the state, but no check on its deleterious activities has resulted. Immediately after receiving power at the hands of the King, Mussolini denounced it: Fascism and Freemasonry were incompatible; you could not hold to both, you must drop one or the other. But Masons remained hidden in the Fascist ranks, and the connection with the Craft of many of the Fascists now under accusation in the Matteotti case, has been proved. Denunciation alone has been shown to be ineffective as against the secret society: Mussolini has now taken a further step.

The draft of the proposed law is very short. It provides that all associations have to notify the authorities of their constitutions and regulations, names of their officials and members, and any other information required. Non-compliance renders those responsible liable to fine and imprisonment—deliberate falsification entails further penalties. No one in the service of the state, province, commune, or constituted public body may be a member of a secret society.

The publication of the text of the proposed law was immediately followed by an interesting note in the Osservatore Romano. After stating that the Holy See had not been approached in any way on the subject, as had been rumored, the papal organ went on to note—1. The right and duty of authority to have knowledge of the activity of all citizens, whether individual or in association, in order to be assured that such activity is not exercised against the public weal; secrecy impedes this right, therefore secret societies may justly be prohibited. 2. Canon law is based on this same principle, prohibiting all secret societies. Secret societies were denounced by Leo XIII in 1884 and again in the Encyclical Praeclara of 1894, as a danger to Church and state.

This accusation is leveled against the Craft on account of its activity, firstly at home, secondly, internationally. To confine attention to recent years; in 1911 Freemasonry so permeated the life of the country that it formed a state within the state. Signor Nathan had reached such a degree of omnipotence in Rome that he could deliberately and with impunity refuse to obey the orders of the government. It was then, and largely on account of the failure of the Cinquantenary Exhibition of 1911, due in great measure to the anti-clerical label blatantly pasted over it, that the reaction began. Masonry had come out into the open, was boasting publicly of its power and its intentions; the good sense of the people rose in revolt and it was driven back to its burrows to work secretly again.

But if defeated in the open, it retained its subterranean influence through the hold it had obtained on Italian bureaucracy; every state department was honeycombed with Masonic employés, especially those where its influence could be exercised for its special aims—notoriously the Ministry of Education. And the regulation that "all in public office shall conform their actions to the Masonic program" justifies the accusation of the "state within the state." Add to this permeation of bureaucracy the control, effective though unseen, of financial institutions and industrial concerns dependent on them, of numbers of societies with social objects, educative, literary, artistic, etc., and an idea can be formed of the influence of the Craft on the life of the country. If this had been realized it would never have been allowed. It is that it may be seen and realized that the law of publicity is issued.

The general accusation against Freemasonry in the international field is—that an international secret society is a danger to civilization, especially on account of its ramifications in high politics and high finance; specifically it is that the activities of international Freemasonry have been exercised to the detriment of Italy. Two notorious instances in recent times were the meeting in Paris during the war, over which there was a scandal here, when the Italian representatives were in some way or other absent from the room when anti-Italian resolutions were adopted, and the fact that in the Italy-Jugoslav controversy during the Peace Conference, all the anti-Italian propaganda was issued from the headquarters of the Grand Orient in the rue Cadet. At the present moment Freemasonry is being accused—and only the abolition of secrecy can disprove the accusation—of assisting the propaganda, political and financial, obviously going on against Italy and the Holy Year.

How far Mussolini's association and anti-secrecy law will succeed in its object, remains to be seen. It has to cover all associations, even the most excellent and patriotic, and these will feel aggrieved at being put on the same plane as the subversives. There is a little risk, too, that the sympathy which arises in favor of most things against which coercive measures are taken, may be given in some measure even to Freemasonry. Also innumerable devices will be found by which the law may be evaded. One can see no reason, for instance, why the Craft should not formally dissolve all its Italian lodges while the individuals composing them continue their activity in private, reporting to some headquarters outside the country. But even if the object is not fully attained, the gesture, if only in bringing publicity to bear, cannot but do good.

To M. D. R.

Let's take a silver night and golden day,
And coin a dream—and give the dream away.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

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THE PREMIERE OF NERTO

By FERNAND LE BORNE

(Nerto, the lyric drama, which recently had its first presentation at the National Opera House in Paris, is a dramatization of a famous work of the Provençal poet, Frederic Mistral, the founder of the Felibres. It is the joint work of Maurice Léna and Charles-Marie Widor, the distinguished composer whose church music ranks high in the appreciation of choir masters throughout the world. M. Fernand Le Borne, well-known French critic, contributes the following article on this significant musical event.—The Editors.)

AS ORGANIST of the great Church of St. Sulpice and successor there of the famous Gounod, M. Widor's organ-loft has been a centre of the most aristocratic social life of the French capital: his importance in art circles in Paris is further assured by his position as Perpetual Secretary of the Institut de France and Professor of Composition at the Conservatoire. His standing at the National Opera has been maintained by his theatrical work, La Korrigane, a delightful picturesque ballet that holds a popular place in the permanent repertory. Thus it was before a brilliant house that the curtain rose for the first public performance of his Nerto.

Whatever may be thought of Mistral's story, and the merits of construction and style to be found in its treatment, this subject, where reality continually brushes unreality in a rather uninteresting manner, is little to my taste, and I do not very well see what attraction all the improbabilities involved therein can have for a musician. However, since this subject has pleased M. Widor, and since he must have been charmed by the poetry of Mistral and by the polished language of M. Maurice Léna, let us confine ourselves simply to the score. My first impression was that the recitatives between father and daughter which compose the first act, did not seem sufficiently dramatic and that the act as a whole gave rather a commonplace impression. Still, it must be admitted that this first act contains a poignant situation; namely when Nerto learns that her father has damned them both. At this point, however, the composer's muse failed in accent and force, leaving the hearer absolutely cold.

In the second act the tone changes, and the movement which rules stage and orchestra is quick to remind us that M. Widor is the author of La Korrigane. This scene has much life and color; and although the Pope, borne on his Sedia in the midst of a conventional cortège, brings back memories of the methods dear to the old operatic traditions of Meyerbeer, I can understand why, after being charmed by the numerous elements of success involved, the audience gave it a warm welcome. Nevertheless, I believe that the applause would have been still more enthusiastic if, at the moment of the final carillon, M. Widor had found the means of grouping all his themes in one superb vocal and orchestral counterpoint.

The third act takes place in the large oratory of a rich abbey overlooking the countryside. It is very happily opened by a symphonic prelude, well developed and leading up to an important scene in which Nerto confides to us that, in spite of constant remorse, she continues to love Rodrigue de Luno, the Pope's nephew, with all her heart. This great aria, in more than one place recalling Massenet, is followed by a duet between the two young lovers; but this duet is inferior to the preceding monologue and the rest of the act contains nothing to captivate the general public. The professionals, for the most part, feel that the author has perhaps from the beginning, taken advantage of his right to be "old-fashioned."

The fourth act opens in the vast hall of Satan's magic chateau. After a rather spiritless prelude, in which we recognize certain themes already heard, we find ourselves in the presence of Pride, Anger and Vice with a chorus of the damned, later being joined by the other capital sins. I must add that a master like M. Widor could not help writing remarkably such a scene, soon to be followed by a ballet which, without reaching the heights of La Korrigane, produced, nevertheless, a notable effect upon the audience which seemed spell-bound over the entrance of the gluttonous temptations—the bejeweled personifications of Avarice, the blond Indolences, Voluptuousness, Martial Glory—and the satanic whirl which Rodrigue repels brutally. At the moment when he drives them away, these temptations call him ungrateful, repeating —"Remember, remember!"

As soon as he wishes to see Nerto again, she appears, saying she is sent by God to save him. Naturally, here is a pretext for a love duet in which recur several of the principal themes—themes which, however, the composer has been careful not to treat symphonically and which, thus presented, have a merely relative interest. Had he then called upon his inspiration for one of those amorous phrases such as Gounod or Massenet found so often in their long careers, he would have terminated this duet with an irresistible effect, which I cannot but feel would have greatly benefited the destiny of Nerto.

Unfortunately, Nerto comes too late. Modern music has developed so that many reproach this master of organ symphonies with not having kept pace with his age, with having composed a kind of music which they deem out of date. One quickly perceives the author's wish to ignore the Wagnerian revolution, as well as that which has occurred during the past twenty years; but this was absolutely his right, and, to my

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way of thinking, he made but one mistake, which was to call Nerto a lyric drama. He should have been satisfied to label it simply an opera. For that is what it is; and looking at it from this point of view, we should feel more at ease in praising the style of Nerto; its declamation, usually exact and expressive; the ease of its melodic lines which the public, however, would have liked more marked; the purity of its harmonies and the mastery of its composition; the skill of its instrumentation, in which I shall permit myself, however, to note an occasional regrettable abuse of brasses and of instruments of percussion. Each page of the composition reveals a master. On a close study of the orchestra score one quickly perceives that it is more classical than modern, the composer not having wished to avail himself of the recent conquests in instrumentation. It is written very soberly, without being uselessly surcharged, never covering the voices and never lacking, all told, either interest or color. In short, it is a work not without faults, but of a merit which is undeniable. That is why it is to be hoped its success will be long, not only because he who signed it merits such success in the fullest measure, but also because it would not be a bad thing, once again, for our neighbors to see that we still have in France dramatic composers who possess another conception of their art than that through which the majority of the disciples of the "school of the false note" seek snobbish notoriety.

M. Widor was royally treated by M. Rouché, director of the Opera, who gave him a magnificent setting and accorded him a brilliant cast headed by the remarkable Fanny Heldy—admirable in voice, style, charm and acting. M. Chéreau's staging was much praised. As for the choruses and the orchestra, they were worthy of their reputation—thanks to the leadership of the magnificent conductor, M. Philippe Gaubert.

THE NAME

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE twenty-seven names of God are written upon a stone that is in the depths of the sea. With the least of these names upon his tongue, man could change the flow of creation and put dismay into the host of the angels.

The names of God are written on a stone that lies in the bottom of the sea, for God flung down the stone with the names written upon it that a bound might be set to the waters. But the names of God, it is supposed, are also written upon the heart. The learned who hold this opinion tell the following story—

One, an Elder, passing through the Temple, saw an ill-clad man in one of the high seats. And because the man was poor the Elder commanded him to go hence out of the house of God.

Then the Elder went on his way. But outside his house he met one who was Isafrael, and upon Isafrael was a garment that was red with the anger of God.

"For what you have done this day in turning the poor out of the House of God, the anger of God has fallen upon your house, and your son will be taken from you. I have come to bear hence the young man's spirit," said Isafrael, the Angel of God. And in the hand of Isafrael the Elder saw the sword of the Angel of Death.

He wept and he said—"Today my son takes a bride. Would that you might take my life in place of his."

They went within the house and the wedding feast was being prepared. At all that was shown the Elder sighed. He would have rent his garments, but he refrained from doing what was unpropitious at the wedding feast.

"Would that I might go in the place of my son," said the Elder again. "But at least, O Angel, let me be the one who will announce to him thy dread coming."

Then the father went to the Bride's chamber to tell his son to come forth and meet Isafrael, the Angel of God. But he heard the Bride and Groom whispering to each other within, and hearing them he turned back to the Angel.

"The sin was mine, O Angel of God," said the Elder. "On me be thy stroke."

Then the garments of Isafrael were seen to be more red with the anger that possessed him. "Will you then, for the sake of the life of your son, yield your life with all your spirit," he said to the Elder. "I will," said the Elder. "Then hold your neck for the stroke of my sword," said the Angel.

Before the door of the bride's chamber the Elder stretched himself. Then, instead of stretching out his neck for the stroke of the sword he hunched his shoulder's, and as he did he groaned aloud.

With garments redder still with the anger that was within him, the Angel stretched his hands above him to open wide the door of the bride's chamber. Even as he did there came along the mother of the youth. The father laid his hands upon her garments and he said—"Surely you, the mother of our son, will give your life for his."

And the mother looked upon the Angel whose garments were red with the anger that was within him and she looked upon the sword that the Angel held, and she looked upon the hands that were outstretched to open wide the door of the Bride's chamber, and she said—"I will give my life rather than that my son should be taken at this time."

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Then the Angel said—"Stretch out thy neck for the stroke of my sword." The mother lay on the ground before the door of the Bride's chamber. On the step before the door she laid her head. She did not stretch out her neck, neither did she hunch her shoulder, but she groaned as deeply as the father of the boy had groaned.

"Not willingly would thy spirit go," said the Angel, and his garments grew redder yet with the anger that was in him, and his hands pushed wide the door, and he went within, into the chamber of the Bride.

And they sat together, these two, on the step of the bed, whispering one to the other, and in whispers they were saying how one would never part from the other. They saw the Angel with his garments burning red and with the sword in his hand, and in dread they looked upon him, seated on the step of their bed.

The Groom rose up and he took a step towards the Angel and then he drew back. He stood trembling there. But the little Bride had taken three steps towards the Angel and she stood bravely under his sword.

"On me be thy stroke," said she, "if thou wilt permit my beloved to live."

The Angel whirled the sword around his head. He swung it towards her. As the sword went near her the little Bride uttered a name, and at that name the sword swung back in the Angel's hand.

Where had she found the name she had uttered? In her heart, perhaps, as she looked into it under the gleam of the Angel's sword. And after she had uttered that name the garment of the Angel became like ashes, and he went from the chamber and from the house. And looking upon the Groom the little Bride said the word "beloved," and forgot what other name she had uttered.

But she had uttered a name that had turned the sword of the Angel—she had uttered one of the twenty-seven names of God.

COMMUNICATIONS

FOR BETTER CHURCH ART

Pittsburgh, Penn.

TO the Editor:—The letter of Mr. Barry Byrne in your issue of February 28, contains a synthesis of almost all the architectural heresies that could be crowded into the more than a column that he employs to air his views. He is a special pleader for a church free of pillars and columns, and frankly advocates a church building resembling a nickelodeon or an obsolete train shed. Mr. Byrne is not so modern as he thinks, else he would know that the most up-to-date form of engineering construction in train sheds is frankly to revert to columns, which enable the smoke of locomotives to be given to the air instead of to the people arriving from trains.

Moreover, Mr. Byrne does not seem to know that from the earliest dawn of history men have always looked upon columns as appropriate and vital elements in the buildings they have erected for worship and for other purposes. To exclude them wheresoever good engineering practice suggests their use is but to war upon the natural law of function. The instinct for columnar edifices for religious purposes lies so close to the heart of man that even when he fell into idolatry he did not deviate from age-old customs that exemplified the fitness of things in the natural order. The traditional use of columns is so ancient, so honored, so well grounded in the structural common sense of mankind that even the force of paganism or heresy have been unable to destroy their place in the reasonable scheme of things.

When Mr. Barry Byrne says that a Gothic church building is a labored imitation of mediaeval ideas, he manifests about as much knowledge of what constitutes true Gothic spirit, as he does about the use of columns.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I want to thank you for the excellent article Imperfect Sympathies, in the current issue of your magazine. I hope it catches the attention of Protestant eyes other than my own. It makes plain what so many of us non-Catholics fail to perceive (either through stupidity or Protestant prejudice) that Catholicism is as the very marrow of the bone to those who have been bred to it. It is a habit and almost an unconscious a one as walking.

But other explanations in your article are not so happy—happy, that is, from a Protestant point of view. "The opportunities and the privileges of the home life," you write, "are what create the tender associations and sweet attachments which one feels. And if this fact is kept in mind as a principle of interpretation it will clear up what is often a puzzle to observers—the indifference which Catholics seem to show to the poor art of the plaster statues and tawdry ornaments which one may see often in their churches. It is not at all that they are not aware of such artistic deficiency, but it is because their thought centers upon the intention." Tut, tut, Mr. Editor, the great majority of Catholics are conscious of no "artistic deficiency." You are, of course, and others of an equal aesthetic astuteness, but to the average worshipper those plaster statues and tawdry ornaments are art. He may not thus define them, but he calls them "pretty" and they please his eye. Else, why are they made and put upon the market? Do you mean to say that they are bought for their practical value only, their ugliness being recognized but overlooked?

No, you may as well admit that, artistically speaking, the church has fallen upon very, very evil days. The general run of your fellow churchmen, clergy as well as laity, do not know the difference between good and bad art when they are faced with the contrast. Furthermore, they have no interest in the matter, and all the grand talk about "Our Holy Mother, the Church, being the patron of the beautiful" is to them, at least, just so much grand talk. Occasionally a parish that is building for itself a new edifice will employ a first rate architect, who will be able to effect changes that appear magical. An instance of such an accomplishment is, in my opinion, the church of St. Vincent Ferrer on Lexington Avenue.

It seems to me that it is your duty, as a spokesman for what is best in Catholic tradition, to face this matter manfully, and to fight for higher standards in ecclesiastical craftsmanship. The result of your labors would be statues and ornaments before which the average could pray as fervently as he does before the current variety, and before which you and other sensitives could pray a great deal better.

A PROTESTANT READER.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Badges

GREGORY KELLY is an admirable type-actor. His sense of subdued farce carries with it all the essentially human qualities that give his work plausibility, grace and pathos. He is particularly at home in a part demanding a sort of diffident obstinacy—and as the graduate of a correspondence course in crime detection, this is precisely the kind of part he plays in Badges, a combination of crook and mystery play which is not without moments of genuine interest. Madge Kennedy, unfortunately, in spite of her personal charm, does not submerge herself sufficiently in her rôle of the persecuted heroine to sustain the sense of reality which Mr. Kelly creates. There are times when even the accepted hokum of mystery plays may best be served by the unconscious humor of sincerity. Miss Kennedy is too inclined to force her lines and facial expressions. The play is good entertainment in spite of this, and no small share of the credit should go to Louis Bennison, who makes of a semi-reformed crook a thoroughly human personality. As with all mystery plays, the plot is best left undisclosed.

O'Neill and Anderson

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S short story, The Triumph of the Egg, is made into a curtain raiser for the current revival of Eugene O'Neill's Diff'rent at the Provincetown Playhouse. The combination is not a happy one, unless you feel in a mood to wallow in gloom. The sordid life of the restaurant keeper in Pickleville, Ohio, is one of those minor mental tragedies to which Mr. Anderson is so keenly sensitive—a middle-aged failure whose dreams alone achieve success—a man as incapable of adapting himself to the realities of life as of escaping from the obsessions of a twisted mind. In varying degrees, this man has counterparts in every corner of the world. In that fact lies the real import of the tragedy of the man who tries to entertain his customer with an exhibit of two-headed, seven-legged chickens preserved in alcohol!

Encouraged by this fillip, one's appetite for Diff'rent becomes doubtful. This story of a sea captain's daughter who refuses to marry her fiancé when she discovers that he is not different from all other seafaring men, and after thirty years drives this same man to suicide by accepting the sinister attentions of a boy more than thirty years her junior, is told in typical O'Neill fashion. It is not realism in the objective sense, for O'Neill always allows himself complete poetic license in characterization. His characters, like Shaw's, are the author's mouthpieces, saying with automatic accuracy not what they would say in real life but what, for O'Neill's dramatic purpose, they must say. This method is most effective in a very subjective and symbolic play such as The Hairy Ape, but it smacks of artifice in Diff'rent. And not only in the telling but in the subject matter, this play is typical—there is the usual slow decay of all characters, the usual absence of any regenerative moral or spiritual force, the usual complete pessimism which deprives the tragedy of all its power and leaves it with only its gloom. As usual, one is more impressed by the tragedy by O'Neill's own mind than by the disintegration of the weaklings whom he orders about the stage. O'Neill is the prisoner of his own feelings—and there are few tragedies more sombre for a poetic nature and a talented pen.

And Now, Censorship?

IT IS not at all surprising that theatrical censorship should be under serious discussion again. Several of the managers have been trying for months past to see just how far they could go in glorifying obscenity without incurring forcible closures. The sad part is that what all true artists fear is not so much the fact of censorship as the pitiful lack of any just code by which to censor. And even the best code, if we had one, is often a dangerous weapon in the hands of the professional reformer type—the man to whom the letter is everything and the spirit little or nothing.

The truth is that vast confusion reigns in our normal ideas today. The principle of private judgment in moral matters has worked out to its logical conclusion. We have no clear standard of criticism. We are not quite sure whether ethics should have anything to do with aesthetics, nor, for that matter, whether art is a means to an end or an end in itself. We have a few silly phrases, such as "art for art's sake," which only show how little we really think about art at all. If any one attempted to say "food for food's sake" (and of course, some do think that without daring to say it) we would catch its absurdity and its implication of nausea at once, but only because all of us have thought a great deal about food at some time or other. We watch our bodily diet assiduously, but when it comes to our mental, moral and spiritual diet—the one diet we do not share with the dog, cat or cabbage kingdoms—we promptly stop thinking and gourmandize until (as with the New York stage today) a strange uneasiness pervades the pit of our psyche.

Now, the whole abstract case for theatrical censorship rests on the fact that "art for art's sake" can be quite as injurious to our moral and spiritual welfare as "food for food's sake" can be to our stomachs and temper. Wherever people must be fed in large masses, as in an army or during a famine, there is the strictest kind of food censorship. Private health can, over night, become public health, and its regulation pass from personal choice and self-preservation to public authority. If theatrical producers, passing out mental food in mass quantities, to hundreds or thousands of a single evening, begin to sell putrid moral oysters, there is a good prima facie case for public authority to intervene. Mental food does affect our lives in time quite as intimately as red meat, onions and French pastry. Life is surprisingly unified. The more "modern" psychology becomes, the more it sustains the old-fashioned notion that a clean mind is pretty apt to induce a clean body. This abstract case for censorship is clear and almost imperative.

The case very nearly explodes, however, the moment we plunge it from the abstract into the complex and actual condition of the New York stage today. For, if we have no accepted standard of criticism, we certainly have no sound method of selecting our public authorities on mental diet—our public critics, or censors, or whatever you like to call them. We can at least select qualified doctors to direct the public health service, and we have means of determining their qualifications. But who is a qualified judge as to whether a given play depicts crime or immorality as part of a sequence of retribution and redemption or merely for its own box-office value? To ask the question is to expose at once the stupendous

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difficulty of effecting a just censorship. We still have moral doctors—self-styled—who regard the theatre itself as incarnate evil. We have others with a curious belief that a strong word is more dangerous than a strong psychic smell, those to whom a skunk by any other name is a friendly beast. And we have still others to whom the theatre, because it is the theatre, and not an infected oyster, is sacrosanct and inviolate. Who shall be the moral doctors?

The fact remains, however, that censorship may be forced upon us in the very near future. In the interests of honest art, it seems worth while to note here a plan which has been suggested, and which has certain merits worth considering. Briefly, it is this: To set up a committee consisting of the District-Attorney (ex officio) the head of the Actors' Equity, the head of the Producing Managers' Association, the head of the Authors' League and three men, to be selected by the first four from the faculties of literature or dramatic art at the leading universities of New York City; to have this committee, by a two-thirds majority, select a permanent board of critics or censors, whose names would be publicly announced and be confirmed only after a public hearing extending over at least two weeks. It would then be the duty of this permanent board to be present at the first or second nights of all performances, to enter complaints or recommendations at the District-Attorney's office on their own initiative (a majority in each case concurring) or to receive and pass on with majority recommendation complaints entered by any citizen or group of citizens. There are obvious objections to this, as to any other censorship plan, for reasons already stated, but if a few managers are to force upon us a difficult situation, a plan of this sort at least has the merit of placing the censoring authority sufficiently in the public eye to insure responsibility, conservatism, and justice to the claims of true dramatic art.

When Choosing Your Plays

Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Patience—A splendid revival of Gilbert and Sullivan.
Old English—A fine portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss, with false sentiment dangerously obscuring the real moral.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Chauve Souris—Not as good as the previous edition.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
Candida—Splendid acting of a play in which Bernard Shaw exhibits his unsound philosophy and his sound instincts.
Othello—A splendid production with Walter Hampden.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great, play, which tries to be pacifist, but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
Loggerheads—A delightful tragi-comedy of Irish life.
The Dark Angel—A beautifully acted play of atonement and self-sacrifice.
The Student Price—One of the best of the musical plays.
Badges—Reviewed above.

BOOKS

Joseph Pulitzer, His Life and Letters, by Don C. Seitz. New York: Simon and Schuster. $5.00.

Forty Years in Newspaperdom, by Milton A. McRae. New York: Brentano's. $5.00.

THERE is an insatiable thirst for everything, however trivial, that can be learned about the life of a genius. There is no such thirst for details about the life of a man who has only achieved success. Great as are the influence and popularity of the Scripps-McRae newspapers, the public is curiously incurious about the personalities of Mr. McRae and the Scripps family. But it will never be able to satisfy fully its curiosity about Joseph Pulitzer, because of its eternal wonder about "the divine spark," no matter in what guise it is found. Pulitzer's genius manifested itself mainly through a newspaper (he owned others, but the singular number is correct in this discussion) yet he was a universal genius and could have manifested himself otherwise. McRae was a successful business man, having the talent for it, and would have been a successful business man in any other line, because the principles on which he conducted his business would have applied equally well to others.

Yet, though human interest is more powerfully awakened by the life and living words of the genius, the man of business has a strangely interesting tale to tell. He, too, has been a power, and he, too, has been a power for good, though the power of the genius extended beyond national boundaries. Pulitzer revolutionized American journalism as no man ever revolutionized it except the first Bennett, and may truthfully be said to be the greatest of American editors; for Bennett lacked any genius except the undoubted genius for newspaper work, while Pulitzer was far more than a newspaper genius. The soul was in Pulitzer, and was not in Bennett. Below these two all others fall, even Greeley. In time, Pulitzer revolutionized English journalism too, though he had no ambition to do so, and did it only by example. Lord Northcliffe is as much his child as Mr. McRae.

Both Pulitzer and McRae were men of ideals. It is only necessary to recall the Venezuelan affair, in which Cleveland and Olney suddenly expanded the Monroe Doctrine far beyond Monroe's utmost imaginings and threatened England with war. The country at once fell in line behind Cleveland; and Pulitzer, Cleveland's strongest supporter hitherto, instantly threw all his power against the President, Congress, and the almost universal sentiment of the country, in such a whirlwind of energy as not even he had ever displayed before, for the purpose of preserving the peace and recalling the nation to its senses. This was an example of his idealism; for an ideal he risked the popularity and the future of his newspaper.

McRae, in a more constricted field, that of a Babbittism with a strongly mid-western stamp, fought as gallantly for his ideals. The genius had flaws, and what is curious, he was by no means so far-seeing as the man of business. Though the skilled hand of Don Seitz has drawn a colossal portrait of him, the reader who seeks the key to the genius will come much nearer his quest by reading Pulitzer's letters than by Seitz's narrative. They are alive with the soul of the man, while Seitz's part of the book is a fascinating story of his deeds and the effect of that electrical character on the men with whom he came in contact.

In one of those blazing, scintillating orders to his editors, Pulitzer gave them carte-blanche to adventure into any field

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except those impossibilities, the flying machine and the search for the Pole. Ten years later he saw the discovery of the Pole and himself was supplying the money for Glenn Curtiss's air flight from Albany to New York. The reversal of his predictions and most cherished beliefs never dismayed nor unsettled him. Though he insisted on believing that Roosevelt was underhandedly trying to get the presidential nomination in 1908, the moment Roosevelt bulldozed the convention into reluctantly accepting Taft, the genius saw the whole mistake as few of his partners in it ever did and was ordering his editors—

"However many and manifest Roosevelt's faults, instead of charging him with Mexicanizing the government [by choosing his own successor] as Republican papers do, his selection and active support of Taft is entitled to credit because it is practical evidence of his sincerity not to desire and seek the nomination himself."

In November, 1904, within a week after Roosevelt's election, he invited McRae to dinner at the White House and began the conversation by saying—"Mr. McRae, I want you to go back to Ohio and fire the first gun for W. H. Taft as President of the United States in 1908." He gave his reasons, and McRae gave and carried out the promise demanded. It must be remembered that McRae controlled many newspapers and had an immense influence throughout the West, and that a week after his triumphant election Roosevelt could not have been much afraid of the "risk" he would incur in encountering Bryan in 1908. Taft did not like the prospect much; he was drafted. On the day after McRae had started the Taft boom throughout the Middle West, as he had promised Roosevelt, Taft wrote him under date of November 12, 1904—"But I say to you in all the sincerity possible, although of course you will not believe it, that I have not the slightest ambition to be President, and believe it utterly impossible. As you say in your letter, my ambition is to go on the Bench, for my tastes lie in that direction. A national campaign for the Presidency is to me a nightmare."

And "utterly impossible" it would have been if Roosevelt had not spent the next three years and a half in forcing Taft upon the Republican organization, a fact known to every correspondent who was at all in the confidence of Roosevelt, Cortelyou, Frank Hitchcock and Taft at that time. To that list I might add Cecil Lyon of Texas and John G. Capers of South Carolina, both of whom were determined to force the nomination upon Roosevelt, and both of whom were themselves forced by him to desert him and take sullen Taft delegations to the Convention.

More remarkable is Pulitzer's rooted delusion about the impossibility of war—rooted so deeply that he seems to have thought everybody mad or brainless who disagreed with him. Even before the Spanish war he entertained this delusion; but when that struggle became imminent he became one of the leaders in the demand that we free Cuba. This disillusionment did not teach him anything, and after that short fight was over he became more convinced than ever that war was an impossibility. In 1908 he writes—"Any man who pretends to see danger from Europe or Japan is either an ignoramus or a Jingo demagogue. The logic of jingoism, Rooseveltism" (he was speaking here of Roosevelt's insistence on preparedness, which he called jingoism) "seems to be that the greater we are in population and strength the more afraid we must be of foreign attack and war." Six years later it was to be shown by Germany to England, France and Russia that this logic was right, preposterous as it seemed to him. In 1910, in instructions about the way to treat President Taft, he wrote—"Criticize his talk about war. Absurd, shows ignorance about European conditions, where they are crazy watching each other, afraid of each other, and crazy to have the friendship of U. S. A."

Spots on the sun! The lesser McRae recites, with justifiable pride, the fulfilment of many of his own long-range predictions. Mr. Seitz cannot reasonably expect less than applause for his own work. He has won his place as a man of letters, and excellence is expected of him. Mostly the expectation is justified here, though he makes slips that are amazing, coming from him; for his errors are about occurrences which he not only saw but participated in. For instance, he speaks of Bryan as "permitting" the nomination of Parker in 1904; the fight against Parker was the most physically exhausting of Bryan's life, put him on a sickbed for a month, and went to such lenghts that John Sharp Williams, Senator Carmack and others tried to push him into his seat or force him off the platform. He speaks of Robert L. Chanler as Governor Hughes's opponent in that year. Hughes's opponent was Lieutenant-Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler. He misdates the establishment of that once powerful newspaper, the New York Press; and so on, all errors in Seitz's own field. For that matter, Mr. McRae, who was present at the Parker convention, makes an even grosser error than Mr. Seitz's about Bryan; he says that Bryan was for Hearst. It was just because Bryan would not support Hearst, but insisted on supporting Cockrell that Hearst revenged himself by running a third-party ticket the next time Bryan was a candidate, in 1908.

Mr. McRae deserves a compliment on his numerous contributions to inside history. Unlike Mr. Kohlsaat, this modest gentleman does not try to make you believe that he was a super-President; but it is evident enough that he has a better right to the title than that ingenuous autobiographer had. He was a better prophet than Pulitzer or than Brisbane, some of whose cocksure and utterly wrong prophecies he quotes with not a too secret joy; and the confidences given him by the eminent are surprising to those who have thought of him only as a manufacturer of newspapers—for instance, the views taken by Blaine and Cleveland of the Maria Halpin scandal, and President Diaz's frankness about the people over whom he ruled.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Memories of Many Years (1859-1922), by Archbishop Seton. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $4.50.

WE LIVE in a time of memoirs and recollections, autobiographies and character studies: the portrait painter and sculptor, perpetuating facial character, share their office with the modern photographer, vocal personality is recorded on the discs of talking and singing machines—but the human character, the mental and moral man still expresses himself in the revelations of writing and print.

These Memories of Many Years preserve for us the moving mental picture of the rare and fine personality of Robert Seton, an American of the older descent, handing down in his old age the traditions of fundamental American aristocracy as it was represented in the life of Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton; presenting in a rapidly shifting film the varied life of early New York, of the Rome of Pius IX before United Italy came into being, and of the glittering personalities of Europe during the past sixty or seventy years.

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It was to his mother's answer to his questions regarding the life of the New England farmers' sons that young Seton attributes the "class-consciousness which has ever since distressed me," as he confesses and reinforces with the remark—"ancestry like beauty is seldom despised except by those in whom it is wanting." The subsequent story of his life, particularly his years in Italy, shows that his position as an American aristocrat was something of a puzzle for the titled personages with whom he made it a point to identify himself. His references to early New York contain such statements as—"Augustus Belmont was the first man to make money the test of society in New York." We have glimpses of Commodore Perry arriving on the frigate Cumberland and of Mrs. Bloomer establishing her campaign on Broadway for liberal womanhood in the garments that bear her name. One meets Fenimore Cooper "with open breast and flapping coat-tails coming from a visit to P. T. Barnum's Wooly Horse of the Rocky Mountains;" with the pioneer figures of St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Elder, Gilmour and Quinlan, later bishops of the Church: we see Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia—"Napoleon's brother, smooth-faced and swarthy, hunched in a corner [of his carriage] as he turned to stare at me, like a big tortoise slowly pushing an expressionless head out of his shell. Although only seventy-one, he seemed broken and tired of life."

Luncheons, teas and suppers with the social celebrities of old seasons, with the titled prelates, their nephews and their nieces and their aunts: the nobles of Hungary, Russia, Spain and France, the papal and Sicilian counts and princesses: the occasional introduction of an American archbishop or bishop, usually declared ineffective in his court manners: the prelatical scientists and historians, the bric-à-brac of ancient Rome, the restaurant Greco and other souvenirs of the Piazza di Spagna —all are heaped up in these memories in a way to fascinate and inspire another John Oliver Hobbs with a dozen novels.

Doctor, later Cardinal, Manning, preaches the spiritual retreat in the Noble Academy in which young Seton was making his studies for the priesthood. His manners and deportment are favorably noticed. Dr. Bethune of Brooklyn, finds his statements on Saint Bartholomew very ardently controverted —"Young Sanminiatelli, who sat next to me at table [in the Academy] always took the butter up and let it melt in his mouth (as is still done with the sugar loaf in parts of Scandinavia) never understanding why I buttered the bread with my portion."

Sculptors, it seems, in the Roman society of the early seventies, were not greatly appreciated. Mrs. William Story never invited "mere artists" to her receptions and referred to her own spouse as "only an amateur sculptor." On one page we meet with Father Secchi, the great Roman astronomer; on another, we are attending a reception by the Cardinal-Prince von Hohenlohe, patron of the Abbé Liszt, and admiring "the savage beauty of the greatest pianist in the world. He had taken the tonsure, and wore his soutane, was clean shaven and had his hair brushed back over his head."

In 1866, Robert Seton was named Private Chamberlain of the Pope, the first American to receive that dignity. In 1876, he became pastor of St. Joseph's Church on Jersey City Heights. "It was a rocky, ill-favored suburb," he writes—all of working people without a dress-coat among them. The suffering of this exile can well be imagined by the reader of these memoirs; it was not until 1902 that he resigned his pastorate and returned to Rome, where he remained until the world war of 1914. Here the social traffic starts again: prelates and nobles jostle over tea-cups in the old palazzi turned into hotels and apartment-houses, with their great courtyards and heavily coronetted gates and doorways. He leads forth for us the entire social world in his pages; the Princes Ruspoli Poggio Suasa, Count Soderini, the Marquise Talleyrand-Perigord, Father Brandi of the Jesuits, Cardinal Satolli, "ugly but learned, energetic and obliging," Lady Herbert, Princess Salm-Salm, Cardinal Rampolla, originally of a Sicilian ducal family, the Marchesa Spinola, in fact all the historic names of the seventeenth and eighteenth century buzzing around that mighty hive of the Dome of St. Peter.

He gives us this highly interesting note—"On June 12, I ordained at San Silvestro, two English converts of distinction: Father Evans, who brought his whole parish with him when he joined the Church, and young Hugh Benson, a writer, and son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Father Evans remembered to say 'Thank you' to me when it was over."

His description of the funeral Mass in the Church of San Martino for Princess Brancaccio, who was Elizabeth Field of New York, gives an account of obsequies, more nobilium, in which no catafalque was used. "The body lay on a black, gold-trimmed pall spread over the floor of the church, which in the Ages of Faith was an expression of lowliness of spirit, but having become, in course of time, the privilege of rank, it is now too suggestive—however unintentionally—of pride that apes humility. Eight liveried servants stood like mutes, four on a side, bearing wax torches from which were suspended small shields emblazoned with the family arms—those of a great Neapolitan house."

"The game of golf," says the Archbishop, "was originally introduced into Scotland from Holland towards the end of the fifteenth century, on the eve of the Reformation, by Lord Seton, who had studied at Leyden. It soon became so popular that in a few years it was forbidden by law at Aberdeen as a 'Popish game,' and was later damned in the Lowlands by public opinion as a specially Catholic amusement." There is a bright picture in the description of Mary, Queen of Scots, coming down from Holyrood for a round on these Seton links.

The Archbishop closes this delightful book of memories with a striking paragraph—

"I am in my eighty-third birthday and enjoy the advantages of memory, eyesight and hearing; but my good-looks have departed with the years, and have left me—'full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,' soon to become more or less like one of my predecessors in the archbishopric of Heliopolis (1650) who is represented on his tomb in the Cathedral of Constance, as a skeleton vested in rich cope, standing amidst trophies, trumpets and coats of arms—'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.' It is time, therefore, to cease writing of myself, for 'we are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.'"

THOMAS WALSH.

Leaves from a Russian Diary, by Pitirim Sorokin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THE Russian mentality is as distinct from that of the European as the Chinese. Before the war of 1914-1918, we were plagued with a series of books whose authors sought to prove that the Russian people was not of the East, but of the West. For many years, Dr. Wallace's classic work on Russia was the chief volume (in English) defending this indefensible viewpoint. When the popularity of that large tome passed, Mr. Stephen Graham provided us with a series of

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volumes, reeking with sentimentality, which aimed to show forth the Russian peasant as a sweet and simple soul, filled with a pungent Christian mysticism, the sole inheritor of Christ's teachings in the modern world. Before our eyes passed lines of Russian pilgrims, pietistic and holy, contact with whose noble souls was to bring back Christian faith and practice to a materialistic world. During the war, Mr. H. G. Wells added to the myth of the western-minded Russian by producing a grossly ignorant and propagandist volume in which his chief point seemed to be that the revolutionary Russian greatly resembled the modern Englishman! Ex-Senator Beveridge had previously written a book to show that the Russian advance in Asia was in reality the advance of western civilization. The Russian revolution has, for the moment at least, closed a chapter in the interpretation of the Russian mentality as western; and a reading of Professor Sorokin's Leaves from a Russian Diary disposes once and for all of the sugary vagaries of Mr. Stephen Graham regarding the spiritual beauty of the Russian peasant's soul. The revolution proved clearly that the mass of the Russian people were ignorant and bestial, and that the Russian peasant had as feeble a conception of true Christian spirituality as the followers of some of our American isms. It is intensely difficult for a westerner, a man of the European culture, to understand the Russian. One who has come in close contact with many Russians, from Count Witte to unfortunate refugees of the present day in Switzerland, France, and America, is authorized to say that outside of learning they have a keen appreciation of hard liquor, of over-sweetened tea, and an utter lack of appreciation of what we western people mean by the term morality. On the whole, the chief effect produced on the westerner by the Russian, with his perpetual confessional note in speech and literature, is one of intense irritation. Russia is of the East and will remain of the East. The veneer of western culture which Peter the Great and his successors laid over some of the Russian nobility, did not open Russia to Europe, but opened Europe to a few Russians who were sufficiently wealthy to pass some months each year in Paris and along the French Riviera. The mass of the Russian people have remained totally unaffected by western ideas.

Fiction would seem to be the best literary medium through which to give an adequate impression of what the Russian people are really like to the western mind. Yet it is to be noted that Mr. Hugh Walpole, in his novels, The Dark Forest and The Secret City, is the only English or American writer who has given us genuine glimpses into the Russian mind. Mr. Joseph Conrad did so in Under Western Eyes; but Conrad was himself a Slav.

Professor Sorokin, as a Russian, gives in this book some interesting sidelights on the revolution and the Russian character. He shows us the contradictions and the hopeless chaos of the early revolutionary days, when every political party, with the exception of the Bolsheviks, wasted precious hours in interminable talk—a constant Russian failing. The Bolsheviks acted, and acted on the simple theory that the easiest way to secure power was to kill everyone who stood in the way. They remain in power today through a rigid application of this program.

It is interesting to note that the Bolsheviks instinctively realized that their chief enemy was the Catholic Church. The Russian Orthodox Church was a whited sepulchre, a state department, and quite ineffectual as a spiritual force in Russia, depending for its power under the Czars primarily on the efficiency of the police and the protection produced by gross superstition. We can remember hearing Arthur Ransome state to Cecil Chesterton that the Russian Orthodox was the most convenient church to which to belong, because it never connected religious observance, such as attending Mass or pilgriming hither and thither, with moral practice. We doubted his word at the time, thinking it due to his instinctive "anti-clericalism," but the revolution has shown us the truth of his statement. Captain Francis McCullagh, in his Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity, has proved that the Bolsheviks deliberately set out to destroy Christianity in Russia by any means. Orthodox priests were murdered throughout Russia by the hundreds, often without trial, or with but the fiction of a trial. Then came the tragic turn of Monsignor Budkiewicz, Archbishop Ciepliak, and the Catholic clergy. The Bolsheviks realized that the only effective opponent of the Red International was that other great International, the universal and universally democratic Catholic Church. It is a curious thing to note, and one which writers on European problems and conditions never seem to note, that Bolshevism was destroyed in Europe by the organized power of Catholicism in four Catholic countries—Bavaria, Hungary, Poland and Italy.

Bolshevism has failed because of its inability to absorb the peasant. The Soviet government of today is absolutely incapable of carrying out its vast and primary program of nationalization of the land. Bolshevist propagandists may claim that the land is nationalized in Russia, and, in theory, it may be. But it is not in actual practice. The Russian peasant regards and uses the land as his own distinct personal property. He will continue to do so; and on his fundamental feeling for and passionate desire to hold the land as his very own, Bolshevism will break.

Professor Sorokin's book is worth reading, even admitting, as we must, that it is prejudiced at times in its descriptions of certain personalities and political movements in Russia. As secretary of Kerensky, that very inadequate gentleman who now lives in exile and poverty in Berlin, where he edits an anti-Bolshevik paper with a circulation of several hundred copies, Professor Sorokin saw much, heard more, and was, for a while at least, in a position to survey and understand the strange course of the Russian revolution.

LOUIS H. WETMORE.

Lectures on Psychology

THE Reverend Baron Johan Liljencrants will give a series of five lectures dealing with applications of modern psychology, at the Colony Club, New York City, on Wednesday afternoons, from March 4 to April 1, inclusive, at half past three o'clock. The lectures are for the benefit of Father Liljencrants's work among psychiatric patients.

Baron Carl Johan Liljencrants was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1885. He was a lieutenant in the Swedish Royal Life Guards from 1906 to 1910, coming to the United States in the latter year, at which time he became a Catholic. He was ordained a priest in 1915. He carried on theological post-graduate studies at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., from 1914 to 1918, receiving his doctorate in theology (S.T.D.) there in 1918. The following year he published his book, Spiritism and Religion.

In 1921 he published his Memory Defects in Organic Psychosis. Those interested in the lectures should communicate with Miss Joan Flynn, the Carroll Club, 120 Madison Avenue, New York.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Robert Louis Stevenson, by John A. Steuart. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $8.00.

RENAN declared that the saints are usually dull people: we might question this authority even in spite of Robert Louis Stevenson's apparent confirmation of this idea when he says —"We esteem people for their virtues but love them for their faults." Like Cromwell, Stevenson desired to be painted "warts and all," and in spite of his ill-advised admirers, the reticences of his family group, we have at last an honest solution of a controversy on his personal character that has continued long enough to keep his name active in the battledore and shuttlecock of the book world, to the profit of Stevenson's literary popularity and the interests of his wife's family and publishers, as well as to the supreme boredom of many of the unilluminated and sometimes judicious students of literature.

"If you are so seriously pained by the misconduct of your subject and so paternally delighted with his virtues, you will always be an excellent gentleman but a somewhat questionable biographer," declares Stevenson himself. Yet one must feel that Mr. Steuart has not ceased to be an excellent gentleman in telling so much of the truth regarding a youth who can be characterized by no milder term than grimy and excusable only under the terms of pity and benevolence. The fine artist is rarely without the advantages—shall we say this amid the bright choirs of modern publishers?—of the Magdalens.

"The relic taken, what avails the shrine," meekly quotes Mr. Steuart and the old men around the club fireplaces laugh and groan! This biography goes far in destroying the Celtic myth gathered around the character of Stevenson; that he was a Lowland Scot in his personal habits, has been sufficiently asseverated by his old associates; his enthusiasms and glooms can just as well have been, and most likely were, conditioned on his health as on any industriously concatenated descent from Highland families and French ancestry. It is time we had done with this early-Victorian notion that art is France and emotionalism Celtic. With his marriage and the South Seas dawned the era of the literary-agent and publicity-man in the life of Stevenson: the passionate devotions of younger critics and the splendid, complete, red editions in the smoking-rooms. Mr. Steuart's volumes are as new fuel to the flames: Mr. Colvin's fulminations in the London Nation are the blowers; the flame and the blast and then the conflagration—if the public is still dry enough to burn! We think it is.

Christ or Chaos, by Martin J. Scott, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.40.

THE publishers, Messrs. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, continue their well-known series of books by Father Martin J. Scott with a finely titled volume, Christ or Chaos. The work well bears out the title with an impressive array of authorities, Catholic and otherwise, to show that reason, order and civilization such as the modern mind grasps them are the essentials of life with Christ which the radical tries to scorn as conservative. This is, as Father Scott notes in his foreword, the very "A. B. C. of the Christian religion," and he quotes also the philosophical dictum—"You change, therefore you have not Truth." The lack of fixity in modern thought; the determination not to settle anything definitely, is what makes our so-called modern scientists absolutely unfit to handle the facts of the soul of man and his destinies.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The library, though well occupied, was singularly free from smoke. Primus Criticus, entering and sniffing the pure air, remarked as he took a cigarette from his case—

"Why no smoking? Has the club's constitution been amended again? Are our poor liberties to be checked still further?"

"My dear Primus Criticus," replied Dr. Angelicus loftily, "I am amazed at you. Who was it that suggested that Lent should be tobacco-less but you? Do you not realize that Lent is the season of sacrifices—of sack-cloth and ashes?"

"Not cigarette ashes, I see," said Primus Criticus, ruefully tossing temptation into the fireplace. "Why did I come here today? O, for the companionship of the South Sea Islanders, a charming people—who I am sure are incapable of such unpleasant reminders."

"You never know," remarked the Editor. "While they probably do not observe Lent themselves, it is quite likely that they would recognize you as one who should—and would dutifully do their best to see that you did. It is curious that travel, no matter how remote nor how surrounded by strangers, cannot quiet conscience, nor lessen responsibilities. Do you remember the story of the good priest who had to undertake a long journey?"

"Which priest? Which journey?" asked Primus Criticus, a trifle crossly—still fingering his cigarette case with longing.

* * *

"This was the priest," replied the Editor, soothingly, "who in the course of a long and tiresome trip, found himself one Friday with a change of trains to make in a certain city. There was an hour's wait before the express which he had to take would be due—just long enough to enjoy a pleasant luncheon in the quiet little restaurant which stood near the station, he thought, as he alighted from the train. Now for a good and adequate reason, this priest was traveling in citizen's clothes and was not wearing the Roman collar. He reflected on this fact as he walked slowly toward the restaurant—also on the fact that he was a total stranger in the city, where no one knew him—and also on the fact that it was Friday. In the course of the long trans-continental journey, the meals had been particularly atrocious, and he found himself extremely hungry. As he opened the door of the restaurant, a delicious odor of broiled steak, steaming before a guest at a nearby table, greeted him.

" 'After all, I am traveling,' he thought, 'and travelers are excused from—,' and seating himself at a solitary table, he picked up the menu.

"Yes—there it was—filet mignon—and hesitating no longer, he looked up at the pretty Irish waitress who stood waiting for his order.

" 'Fil—,' he began.

" 'What'll you have—fish or eggs, Father?' she interrupted loudly.

" 'Fish,' he replied meekly."

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468 West 143rd Street,
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Primus Criticus alone did not smile. "You don't seem to hold quite the proper attitude toward Lent, my friend," said Dr. Angelicus severely. "When you begin to ponder on what you imagine to be hardships, consider the holy ones of the past and in what manner they saw fit to observe the penitential season. Consider the long fasts, the days of prayer, the periods of silence, the coarse food, the self-flagellations, the hair shirts—"

"I am for the modernized and more comfortable substitutes for the old penances," said Primus Criticus, stubbornly. "I favor, for instance, the bobbed hair shirt."

"Avaunt!" cried the Editor. "I very much fear that the only wings that some of the members of this club will ever wear, will be those on their collars."

* * *

Dr. Angelicus, who had been closely scanning a piece of paper which Tittivillus, blushing, had thrust into his hands, suddenly exclaimed—"I always knew the boy had genius! He has written a poem called A Thought for Lent. Listen—

"A modernist made us a promise
To preach on his views of St. Thomas,
But I don't think Aquinas
Turned out quite as fine as
He seemed to our papas and mammas."

* * *

Dr. Angelicus looked up for the approval he expected. But he found that his audience had "softly and silently vanished away."

"There are addicts of all sorts," muttered Primus Criticus to himself as he gloomily descended the stairs—"drink, drug, and tobacco—but by far the most incurable and unbearable is the limerick addict."

THE LIBRARIAN.

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